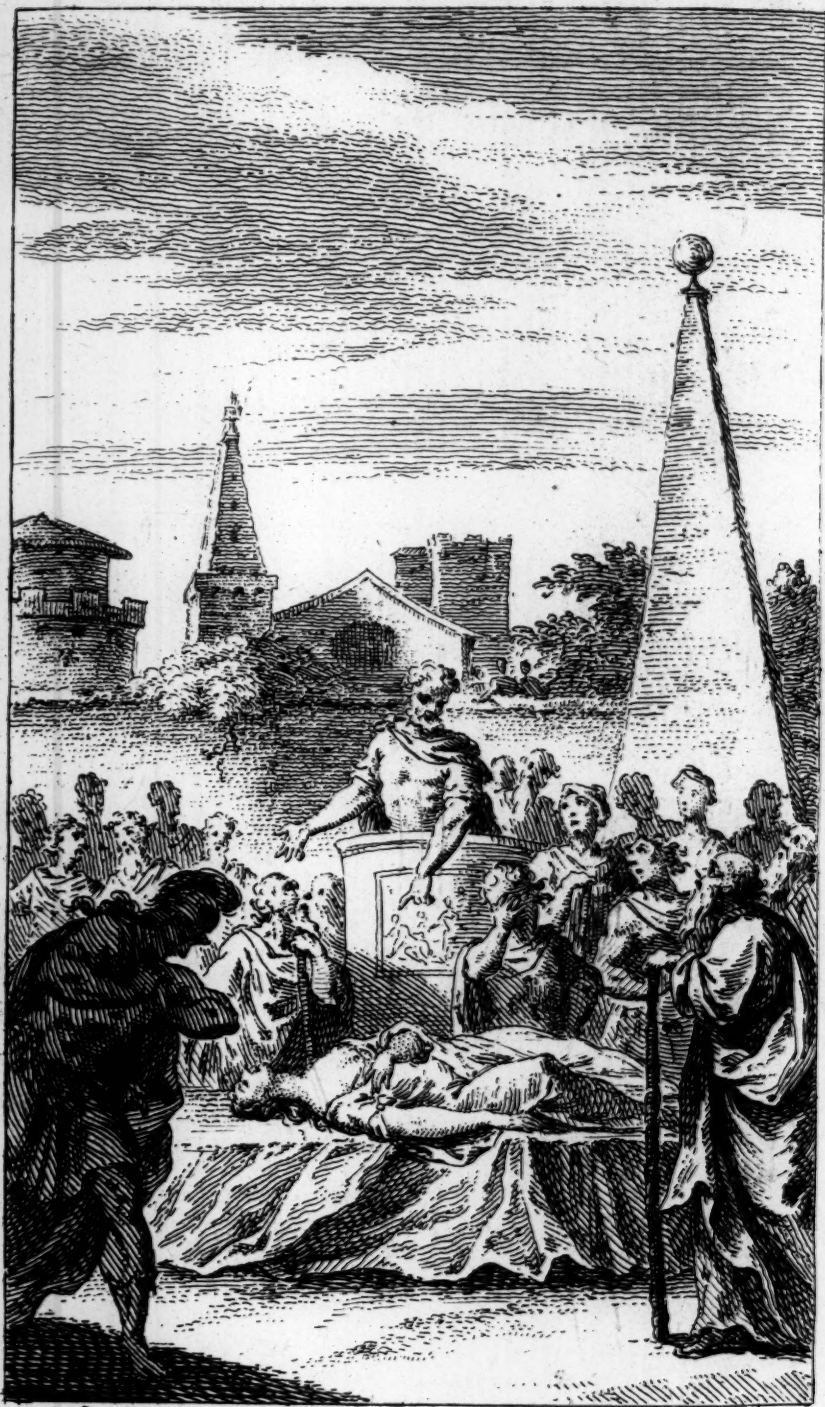
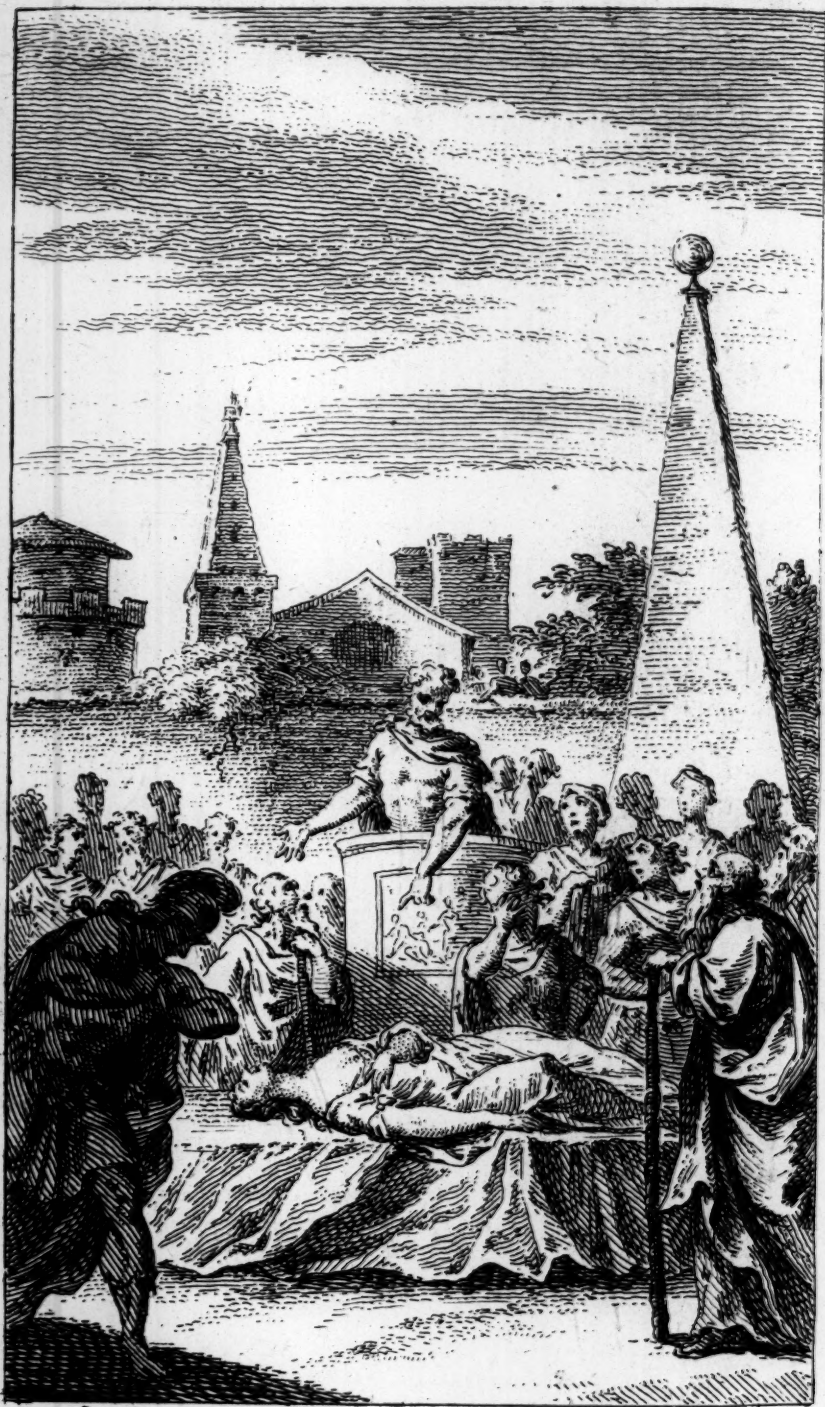




G. Vander Gucht Inv. & Scul.



G. Vander Gucht Inv. & Scul.

Lucius Junius Brutus,

Father of his Country.

A

TRAGEDY.

By NATHANAEL LEE, Gent.

——— *Cæloque inuēctus aperto*
Flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secunda.
Virg. *Æn.* 1.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-
against *St. Clement's Church* in the Strand.

M. DCC. XXXVI.

Lucius Junius Brutus

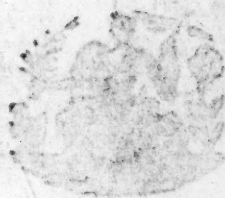
Father of his Country.

A

TRAGEDY.



Printed for W. Fales, at Roper's Head, over-
against St. Clement's Church in the Strand.
Aug. 17. 1717.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. Fales, at Roper's Head, over-
against St. Clement's Church in the Strand.

M.DCC.XXXVI.



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

*Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, One of
the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Bed-
Chamber, &c.*

My Lord,



WITH an Assurance, I hope, becoming
the Justice of my Cause, I lay this Tra-
gedy at your Lordship's Feet, not as a
common Persecution, but as an Offer-
ing suitable to your Virtue, and worthy
of the Greatness of your Name. There are some
Subjects that require but half the Strength of a great
Poet; but when *Greece* or old *Rome* come in play,
the Nature, Wit and Vigour of foremost *Shakespear*,
the Judgment and Force of *Johnson*, with all
his borrowed Mastery from the Antients, will
scarce suffice for so terrible a Grapple. The Poet
must elevate his Fancy with the mightiest Imagi-
nation; he must run back so many hundred
VOL. I. I 3 Years,

DEDICATION.

Years, take a just Prospect of the Spirit of those Times without the least Thought of ours; for, if his Eye should swerve so low, his Muse will grow giddy with the Vastness of the Distance, fall at once, and for ever lose the Majesty of the first Design. He that will pretend to be a Critick of such a Work, must not have a Grain of *Cecilius*, he must be *Longinus* throughout, or Nothing, where even the nicest best Remarks must pass but for Allay to the Imperial Fury of this old *Roman* Gold. There must be no Dross through the whole Mass, the Furnace must be justly heated, and the Bullion stamp'd with an unerring Hand. In such a Writing there must be Greatness of Thought without Bombast, Remoteness without Monstrousness; Virtue arm'd with Severity, not in Iron Bodies; solid Wit without modern Affectation; Smoothness without Gloss, speaking out without cracking the Voice, or straining the Lungs. In short, my Lord, he that will write as he ought on so noble an Occasion, must write like you. But I fear there are few that know how to copy after so great an Original as your Lordship; because there is scarce one Genius extant of your own Size that can follow you *passibus æquis*; that has the Felicity and Mastery of the old Poets, or can half match the Thoughtfulness of your Soul. How far short I am cast of such inimitable Excellence, I must with Shame, my Lord, confess, I am but too sensible. Nature, 'tis believ'd (if I am not flattered, and do not flatter myself) has not been niggardly to me in the Portion of a Genius; tho' I have been so far from improving it, that I am half afraid I have lost of the Principal. It behoves me then for the future
to

DEDICATION.

to look about me, to see whether I am a Lag in the Race, to look up to your Lordship, and strain upon the Track of so fair a Glory. I must acknowledge, however I have behav'd my self in drawing, nothing ever presented it self to my Fancy with that solid Pleasure, as *Brutus* did in sacrificing his Sons. Before I read *Machiavel's* Notes upon the Place, I concluded it the greatest Action that ever was seen throughout all Ages on the greatest Occasion. For my own Endeavour, I thought I never painted any Man so to the Life before.

*Vis & Tarquinius reges, animamque superbam
Utoris Bruti, fascesque videre receptos?
Infelix utcunque ferent ea facta minores?*

No doubt that Divine Poet imagined it might be too great for any People but his own, perhaps I have found it so, but *Johnson's Catiline* met no better Fate, as his Motto from *Horace* tells us.

———*His non plebecula gaudet, &c.*

Nay, *Shakespear's Brutus* with much ado beat himself into the Heads of a blockish Age, so knotty were the Oaks he had to deal with. For my own Opinion, in spite of all the Obstacles my Modesty could raise, I could not help inserting a Vaunt in the Title-Page, *Cæloque, &c.*

*And having gain'd the List that he design'd,
Bold as the Billows driving with the Wind,
He loos'd the Muse that wing'd his free-born
Mind.*

DEDICATION.

On this I arm'd, and resolv'd not to be stirr'd with the little Exceptions of a sparkish Generation, that have an Antipathy to Thought: But, alas, how frail are our best Resolves in our own Concerns? I show'd no Passion outward; but whether through an Over-Conceit of the Work, or because perhaps there was indeed some Merit, the Fire burnt inward, and I was troubled for my dumb Play, like a Father for his dead Child. 'Tis enough that I have eas'd my Heart by this Dedication to your Lordship. I comfort my self too, whatever our partial Youth alledge, your Lordship will find something in it worth your Observation; which with my future Diligence, Resolution to Study, Devotion to Virtue, and your Lordship's Service, may render me not altogether unworthy the Protection of your Lordship.

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.

P R O:



PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. Duke.

*Long has the Tribe of Poets on the Stage
Groan'd under persecuting Criticks Rage ;
But with the Sound of Railing and of Rhyme,
Like Bees united by the tinkling Chime,
The little stinging Insects swarm the more,
And Buz is greater than it was before.
But Oh ! you leading Voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much Wit ;
That well-affected Members do seduce,
And with your Malice poison half the House ;
Know your ill-manag'd Arbitrary Sway
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this Day.
Rulers of abler Conduct we will choose,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muse ;
Women for ends of Government more fit,
Women shall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give Laws to Love, and Influence to Wit.
Find me one Man of Sense in all your Roll,
Whom some one Woman has not made a Fool.
Even Business, that intolerable Load,
Under which Man does groan, and yet is proud,
Much better they can manage wou'd they please ;
'Tis not their Want of Wit, but love of Ease.
For, spite of Art, more Wit in them appears ;
Tho we boast ours, and they dissemble theirs :
Wit once was ours, and shot up for a while,
Set shallow in a hot and barren Soil ;
But when transplanted to a richer Ground,
Has in their Eden its Perfection found.*

10 PROLOGUE.

*And 'tis but just they shou'd our Wit invade,
Whilst we set up their painting, patching Trade;
As for our Courage, to our Shame 'tis known,
As they can raise it, they can pull it down.
At their own Weapons they our Bullies awe;
Faith, let them make an antisalick Law,
Prescribe to all Mankind, as well as Plays,
And wear the Breeches, as they wear the Bays.*



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Barrey.

NO cringing Sirs, the Poet's Champion I
Have sworn to stand, and ev'ry Judge defy;
But why each bullying Critick shou'd I name
A Judge whose only Business is to damn?
While you your arbitrary Fist advance
At Wit, and dust it like a Boor of France;
Who, without shew of Reason or Pretence,
Condemn a Man to die for speaking Sense;
Howe'er we term'd you once the Wise, the Strong,
Know we have born your Impotence too long:
You that above your Sires presume to soar,
And are but Copies dawb'd in Miniature;
You that have nothing right in Heart nor Tongue,
But only to be resolute in wrong:
Who Sense affect with such an auk'ard Air,
As if a Frenchman should become severe;
Or an Italian make his Wife a Jest,
Like Spaniards pleasant, or like Dutchmen dress;
That rank the noblest Poets with the vile,
And look your selves in a Plebeian Stile;
But with an Oath —————

False

*False as your Wit and Judgment now I swear,
By the known Maidenheads of each Theatre;
Nay, by my own, the Poets shall not stand,
Like Shrovetide Cocks, the Palt of every Hand.
Let not the purblind Critick's Sentence pass,
That shoots the Poet thro' an Optick Glass;
No Peals of ill-plac'd Praise from Galleries come,
Nor Punk below to clap or hiss presume;
Let her not cackle as the Fops that flout her,
Nor cluck the Squires that use to Pipp about her;
No full-blown Blockhead, bloated, like an Ox,
Traverse the Pit with Damme, What a Pox.
Know then for e'ry Misdemeanor here
I'll be more stabbing, sharp, and more severe,
Than the fell She that on her Keeper comes,
Who in his Drink last Night laid waste her Rooms,
Thunder'd her China, damn'd her Quality,
Her Glasses broke, and tore her Point Venie;
That dragg'd her by the Hair, and broke her Head,
A Chamber Lion, but a Lamb in Bed:
Like her I'll teize you for your Midnight storming,
For your all talking, and your no performing;
You that with monstrous Judgment force the Stage,
You fribling, fumbling Keepers of the Age.*



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lucius Junius Brutus,	Mr. Betterton.
Titus,	Mr. Smith.
Tiberius,	Mr. Williams.
Collatinus,	Mr. Wiltshire.
Valerius,	Mr. Gillow.
Horatius,	Mr. Norris.
Aquilius.	
Vitellius.	
Junius.	
Fecilian Priests,	Mr. Percival,
Vindicius,	Mr. Freeman.
Fabritius,	Mr. Nokes.
Citizens, &c.	Mr. Feron.

W O M E N.

Sempronia,	Lady Slingsby.
Lucretia,	Mrs. Betterton.
Teraminta,	Mrs. Barrey.

SCENE, ROME.

Lucius



Lucius Junius Brutus,
Father of his Country.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Titus and Teraminta.

TITUS.



Teraminta, why this Face of Tears?
Since first I saw thee, 'till this happy Day,
Thus hast thou pass'd thy melancholy
Hours,
Ev'n in the Court retir'd; stretched on a
Bed

In some dark Room, with all the Curtains drawn;
Or in some Garden o'er a flowry Bank,
Melting thy Sorrows in the murm'ring Stream;
Or in some pathless Wilderness amusing,
Plucking the mossy Bark of some old Tree,
Or poring, like a *Sibyl*, on the Leaves:
What, now the Priest shou'd join us! O, the Gods!
What can you proffer me in vast Exchange
For this ensuing Night? Not all the Days
Of crowning Kings, of conquering Generals,
Not all the Expectation of hereafter,

With

With what bright Fame can give in th' other World,
Should purchase thee this Night one Minute from me.

Ter. O *Titus*! if since first I saw the Light,
Since I began to think on my Misfortunes,
And take a Prospect of my certain Woes,
If my sad Soul has entertain'd a Hope
Of Pleasure here, or harbour'd any Joy,
But what the Presence of my *Titus* gave me;
Add, add, you cruel Gods, to what I bear,
And break my Heart before him. [gone,

Tit. Break first th' eternal Chain; for when thou'rt
The World to me is *Chaos*. Yes, *Teraminta*,
So close the everlasting Sisters wove us,
Whene'er we part, the Strings of both must crack.
Once more I do intreat thee give the Grave
Thy Sadness; let me press thee in my Arms,
My fairest Bride, my only Lightness here,
Tune of my Heart, and Charmer of my Eyes.
Nay, thou shalt learn the Extasy from me;
I'll make thee smile with my extravagant Passion,
Drive thy pale Fears away; and ere the Morn
I swear, O *Teraminta*, O my Love,
Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into Blushes.

Ter. O *Titus*! may I, ought I to believe you?
Remember, Sir, I am the Blood of *Tarquin*,
The basest too.

Tit. Thou art the Blood of Heaven,
The kindest Influence of the teeming Stars:
No Seed of *Tarquin*; no, 'tis forg'd to abuse thee:
A God thy Father was, a Goddess was his Wife;
The Wood-Nymphs found thee on a Bed of Roses,
Lapt in the Sweets and Beauties of the Spring;
Diana foster'd thee with Nectar Dews,
Thus tender, blooming, chaste, she gave thee me,
To build a Temple sacred to her Name;
Which I will do, and wed thee there again. [me;

Ter. Swear then, my *Titus*, swear you'll ne'er upbraid
Swear that your Love shall last like mine for ever,
No turn of State or Empire, no Misfortune,
Shall e'er estrange you from me: Swear, I say;

That

That if you should prove false, I may at least
Have something still to answer to my Fate ;
Swear, swear, my Lord, that you will never hate me,
But to your Death still cherish in your Bosom
The poor, the fond, the wretched *Teraminta*.

Tit. 'Till Death ! nay, after Death, if possible.
Dissolve me still with Questions of this Nature,
While I return my Answer all in Oaths:
More than thou canst demand I swear to do.
'This Night, this Night shall tell thee how I love thee':
When Words are at a Loss, and the mute Soul
Pours out her self in Sighs and gasping Joys,
Life grasps the Pangs of Bliss, and murmuring Pleasures :
Thou shalt confess all Language then is vile,
And yet believe me most without my vowing.

Enter Brutus with a Flamen.

But see, my Father with a *Flamen* here!
The Court comes on ; let's slip the busy Croud,
And steal into th' eternal Knot of Love. [*Exitunt.*

Brut. Did *Sextus*, say'st thou, lie at *Collatia*,
At *Collatine's* House, last Night ?

Fla. My Lord, he did :
Where he, with *Collatine*, and many others,
Had been some Nights before.

Brut. Ha ! if before,
Why did he come again ?

Fla. Because, as Rumour spreads,
He fell most passionately in Love with her.

Brut. What then ?

Fla. Why, is't not strange ?

Brut. Is she not handsome ?

Fla. Oh ! very handsome.

Brut. Then 'tis not strange at all :
What, for a King's Son to love another Man's Wife !
Why, Sir, I've known the King has done the same.
Faith, I my self, who am not us'd to caper,
Have sometimes had th' unlawful Itch upon me :
Nay, pr'ythee, Priest, come thou and help the Number.
Ha !

Ha! my old Boy; the Company is not scandalous:
 Let's go to Hell together; confess the Truth,
 Did'st thou never steal from the Gods an Hour, or so,
 To mumble a new Prayer——

With a young fleshly Where in a bawdy Corner? ha!

Fla. My Lord, your Servant. Is this the Fool? the
 Madman?

Let him be what he will, he spoke the Truth:
 If other Fools be thus, they're dangerous Fellows. [*Ex.*

Brut. [*Solus.*] Occasion seems in view; something there
 In *Tarquin's* last abode at *Collatine's*: [*is*

Late entertain'd, and early gone this Morning;
 The Matron ruffled, wet, and dropping Tears,
 As if she had lost her Wealth in some black Storm;
 As in the Body, on some great Surprise,
 The Heart still calls from the discolour'd Face,
 From every part the Life and Spirits down:

So *Lucrece* comes to *Rome*, and summons all her Blood.

Lucrece is fair: but chaste, as the fall'n'd Snow
 Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blasts:

So lies this starry, cold and frozen Beauty,
 Still watch'd and guarded by her waking Virtue,
 A Pattern, tho' I fear inimitable,

For all succeeding Wives. O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*

When will the tedious Gods permit thy Soul
 To walk abroad in her own Majesty,
 And throw this Vizard of thy Madness from thee?

O, what but infinite Spirit, propt by Fate,
 For Empire's Weight to turn on, could endure,

As thou hast done, the Labours of an Age,
 All Follies, Scoffs, Reproaches, Pities, Scorns,

Indignities almost to Blows sustain'd,
 For twenty pressing Years, and by a *Roman*?

To act Deformity in a thousand Shapes,
 To please the greater Monster of the two,

That cries, bring forth the Beast, and let him tumble:
 With all Variety of aping Madnes,

To bray, and bear more than the Ass's Burden;
 Sometimes to whoot and scream like Midnight Owls,

Then screw my Limbs like a distorted Satire,

The

Father of his Country.

17

The World's Grimace, th' eternal Laughing-stock
Of Town and Court, the Block, the Jest of *Rome*?
Yet all the while not to my dearest Friend,
To my own Children, nor my Bosom Wife,
Disclose the weighty Secret of my Soul.
O *Rome*, O Mother, be thou th' impartial Judge,
If this be Virtue which yet wants a Name,
Which never any Age could parallel,
And worthy of the foremost of thy Sons.

Enter Horatius and Mutius.

Mut. Horatius, heard'st thou where *Sextus* was last Night?

Hor. Yes, at *Collatia*: 'tis the Buz of *Rome*;
'Tis more than guess'd that there has been foul Play,
Else, why should *Lucrece* come in this sad manner
To old *Lucretius*' House, and summon thither
Her Father, Husband, each distinct Relation?

Enter Fabritius, with Courtiers.

Mut. Scatter it thro' the City, raise the People,
And find *Valerius* out: Away, *Horatius*.

[Exeunt severally.]

Fab. Prithee let's talk no more on't. Look, here's
Lord *Brutus*: Come, come, we'll divert our selves; for
'tis but just, that we who sit at the Helm should now and
then unruffle our State Affairs with the Impertinence of
a Fool. Prithee, *Brutus*, what's o'Clock?

Brut. Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos; the Fates are three:
Let them but strike, and I'll lead you a Dance, my
Masters

Fab. But hark you, *Brutus*, dost thou hear the News
of *Lucrece*?

Brut. Yes, yes; and I heard of the Wager that was
laid among you, among you whoring Lords at the Siege
of *Ardea*; ha, Boy! about your handsom Wives.

Fab. Well; and how, and how?

Brut.

Brut. How you bounc'd from the Board, took Horse, and rode like Madmen, to find the gentle *Lucrece* at *Collatia*: but how found her? Why, working with her Maids at Midnight. Was not this monstrous, and quite out of the fashion? Fine Stuff, indeed, for a Lady of Honour, when her Husband was out of the way, to sit weaving, and pinking, and pricking of *Arras*? Now, by this Light, my Lord, your Wife made better use of her Pincushion.

Fab. My Wife, my Lord? by *Mars*, my Wife?

Brut. Why should she not, when all the Royal Nurses do the same? What? What, my Lord, did you not find 'em at it, when you came from *Collatia* to *Rome*? *Lartius*, your Wife, and yours, *Flaminius*? with *Tullia*'s Boys, turning the Crystals up, dashing the Windows, and the Fates defying? Now, by the Gods, I think 'twas civil in you, discreetly done, Sirs, not to interrupt 'em. But for your Wife, *Fabritius*, I'll be sworn for her, she would not keep 'em Company.

Fab. No marry, would she not; she hates Debauches. How have I heard her rail at *Terentia*, and tell her next her Heart upon the Qualms, that drinking Wine so late, and tippling Spirits, wou'd be the Death of her?

Brut. Hark you, Gentlemen, if you would but be secret now, I could unfold such a Business; my Life on't, a very Plot upon the Court.

Fab. Out with it, we swear Secrecy.

Brut. Why thus then. To morrow *Tullia* goes to the Camp, and I being Master of the Household, have Command to sweep the Court of all its Furniture, and send it packing to the Wars: Pandars, Sycophants, upstart Rogues, fine Knaves, and surly Rascals; Flatterers, easy, supple, cringing, passing, smiling Villains; all, all to the Wars.

Fab. By *Mars*, I do not like this Plot.

Brut. Why, is it not a Plot? A Plot upon your selves, your Persons, Families, and your Relations, even to your Wives, Mothers, Sisters, all your Kindred? For Whores too are included, Setters too, and Whore-Procurers, Bag and Baggage; all, all to the Wars All
hence,

hence, all Rubbish, Lumber out, and not a Baud be left behind, to put you in hope of hatching Whores hereafter.

Fab. Hark, *Lartius*, he'll run from fooling to direct Madness, and beat our Brains out. The Devil take the hindmost: Your Servant, sweet *Brutus*, noble, honourable *Brutus*. [Exit.

Enter Titus.

Tit. 'Tis done, 'tis done, auspicious Heav'n has join'd [us,
And I this Night shall hold her in my Arms.
Oh, Sir!

Brut. Oh, Sir! that Exclamation was too high:
Such Raptures ill become the troubled Times;
No more of 'em. And by the way, my *Titus*,
Renounce your *Teraminta*.

Tit. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. How now, my Boy?

Tit. Your Counsel comes too late, Sir.

Brut. Your Reply, Sir,
Comes too ill-manner'd, pert, and saucy, Sir.

Tit. Sir, I am marry'd.

Brut. What, without my Knowledge?

Tit. My Lord, I ask your Pardon; but that *Hymen*—

Brut. Thou ly'st; that honourable God would scorn it,
Some bawdy Flamen shuffled you together;
Priapus lock'd you, while the *Bacchanals*
Sung your detested *Epithalamium*.

Which of the Blood were the curst Witnesses?

Who would be there at such polluted Rites

But Goats, Baboons, some chatt'ring old *Silenus*,

Or Satyrs grinning at your slimy Joys?

Tit. Oh, all ye Gods! my Lord, your Son is marry'd
To *Tarquin's*—

Brut. Bastard.

Tit. No, his Daughter.

Brut. No matter:

To any of his Blood; if it be his,
There is such natural Contagion in it,

Such

Such a congenial Devil in his Spirit,
 Name, Lineage, Stock, that but to own a part
 Of his Relation, is to profess thy self
 Sworn Slave of Hell, and Bondman to the Furies.
 Thou art not marry'd !

Tit. Oh, is this possible ?

This Change that I behold ? No part of him
 The same, nor Eyes, nor Mien, nor Voice, nor Gesture !

Brut. Oh, that the Gods would give my Arm the Vi-
 To shake this soft, effeminate, lazy Soul [gour

Forth from thy Bosom. No, degenerate Boy,

Brutus is not the same, the Gods have wak'd him

From dead Stupidity, to be a Scourge,

A living Torment to thy Disobedience.

Look on my Face, view my Eyes flame, and tell me

If ought thou seest but Glory and Revenge,

A blood-shot Anger, and a burst of Fury,

When I but think of *Tarquin*. Damn the Monster ;

Fetch him, you Judges of th' eternal Deep,

Arraign him, chain him, plunge him in double Fires :

If after this thou seest a Tenderness,

A Woman's Tear come o'er my Resolution,

Think, *Titus*, think, my Son, 'tis Nature's Fault,

Not *Roman Brutus*, but a Father now.

Tit. Oh, let me fall low as the Earth permits me,

And thank the Gods for this most happy Change,

That you are now, altho' to my Confusion,

That awful, godlike, and commanding *Brutus*,

Which I so oft have wish'd you ; which sometimes

I thought imperfectly you were, or might be,

When I have taken unawares your Soul

At a broad Glance, and forc'd her to retire:

Ah, my dear Lord, you need not add new Threats,

New Marks of Anger to complete my Ruin ;

Your *Titus* has enough to break his Heart,

When he remembers that you durst not trust him :

Yes, yes, my Lord, I have a thousand Frailties :

The Mould you cast me in, the Breath, the Blood,

And Spirit which you gave me, are unlike

The Godlike Author ; yet you gave 'em, Sir :

And

And sure, if you had pleas'd to honour me,
T'immortalize my Name to after Ages,
By imparting your high Cares, I should have found
At least so much hereditary Virtue
As not to have divalg'd them.

Brut. Rise, my Son,
Be satisfy'd thou art the first that know'st me:
A thousand Accidents and fated Causes
Rush against every Bulwark I can raise,
And half unhinge my Soul. For now's the time,
To shake the Building of the Tyrant down.
As from Night's Womb the glorious Day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting Stars:
So from the blackness of young *Tarquin's* Crime,
And Furnace of his Lust, the virtuous Soul
Of *Junius Brutus* catches bright Occasion.
I see the Pillars of his Kingdom totter:
The Rape of *Lucrece* is the Midnight Lanthorn
That lights my Genius down to the Foundation.
Leave me to work, my *Titus*, Oh, my Son;
For from this Spark a Lightning shall arise,
That must ere Night purge all the *Roman* Air:
And then the Thunder of his Ruin follows.
No more; but haste thee to *Lucretius*:
I hear the Multitude, and must among them.
Away, my Son.

Tit. Bound, and obedient ever.

[Exit]

Enter Vindicius with Plebeians.

Cit. *Jupiter* defend us! I think the Firmament is
all on a light Fire. Now, Neighbour, as you were say-
ing, as to the Cause of Lightning and Thunder, and for
the nature of Prodigies.

Vin. What! a Taylor, and talk of Lightning and
Thunder? Why, thou walking Shred, thou moving Bot-
tom, thou upright Needle, thou shaving edging Skirt,
thou flip-flap of a Man, thou vaulting Flea, thou Nit,
thou Nothing, dost thou talk of Prodigies when I am by?

○

O tempora! O mores! But, Neighbours, as I was saying, what think you of *Valerius*?

All. Valerius, Valerius!

Vin. I know you are piping hot for Sedition, you all gape for Rebellion: but what's the near? For look you, Sirs, we, the People in the Body Politick, are but the Guts of Government, therefore we may rumble and grumble, and croke our Hearts out, if we have never a Head: why, how shall we be nourish'd? Therefore, I say, let us get a Head, a Head, my Masters. [tom!]

Brut. Protect me, *Jove*, and guard me from the Phantom! Can this so horrid Apparition be?

Or is it but the making of my Fancy?

Vin. Ha, *Brutus*! What, where is this Apparition?

Cit. This is the Tribune of the *Celeres*;

A notable Head-piece, and the King's Jester.

Brut. By *Jove*, a Prodigy!

Vin. Nay, like enough; the Gods are very angry, I know they are, they told me so themselves:

For look you, Neighbours, I, for my own part,

Have seen to day fourscore and nineteen Prodigies and a half.

Brut. But this is a whole one. O most horrible!

Look, *Vindicius*, yonder, o'er that part

O' th' Capitol, just, just there, Man, yonder, look.

Vin. Ha, my Lord!

Brut. I always took thee for a quick-sighted Fellow: What, art thou blind? Why yonder, all o' Fire; It vomits Lightning; 'tis a monstrous Dragon.

Vin. Oh, I see it: O *Jupiter* and *Juno*! By the Gods I see it:

Oh, Neighbours, look, look, look on his filthy Nostrils!

'T has Eyes like flaming Saucers, and a Belly

Like a burning Caldron: With such a swinging Tail:

And oh, a thing, a thing that's all o' Fire!

Brut. Ha! now it fronts us with a Head that's mark'd With *Tarquin's* Name: And see, 'tis Thunder struck! Look yonder how it whizzes thro' the Air!

The Gods have struck it down; 'tis gone, 'tis vanish'd.

Oh! Neighbours, what, what should this Portent mean?

Vin.

Vin. Mean! why, it's plain, did we not see the Mark
Upon the Beast? *Tarquin's* the Dragon, Neighbours,
Tarquin's the Dragon, and the Gods shall swinge him.

All. A Dragon, a *Tarquin*.

1 Cit. For my part, I saw nothing.

Vin. How, Rogue? Why, this is Prodigy on Prodigy!
Down with him, knock him down; what, not see the
Dragon?

1 Cit. Mercy: I did, I did; a huge monstrous Dragon.

Brut. So; not a Word of this, my Masters, not for your
Lives:

Meet me anon at the *Forum*; but not a Word.

Vindicius, tell 'em the Tribune of the *Celeres*

Intends this night to give them an Oration.

[*Ex. Vindic. and Rabble.*]

Enter Lucrece, Valerius, Lucretius, Mutius, Herminius,
Horatius, Titus, Tiberius, Collatinus.

Brut. Ha! in the open Air? So near, you Gods?
So ripe your Judgments? Nay, then let 'em break,
And burst the Hearts of those that have deserv'd them.

Lucr. Oh, *Collatine*! art thou come?

Alas, my Husband! Oh, my Love! my Lord!

Coll. Oh, *Lucrece*! see, I have obey'd thy Summons:
I have thee in my Arms; but speak, my Fair,
Say, is all well?

Lucr. Away, and do not touch me:

Stand near, but touch me not. My Father too!

Lucretius, art thou here?

Luc. Thou seest I am.

Haste, and relate thy lamentable Story. [me!]

Luc. If there be Gods, Oh, will not they revenge
Draw near, my Lord; for sure you have a Share
In these strange Woes. Ah, Sir, what have you done?
Why did you bring that Monster of Mankind
The other Night, to curse *Collatia's* Walls?
Why did you blast me with that horrid Visage,
And blot my Honour with the Blood of *Tarquin*?

Coll. Oh, all the Gods!

Lucr.

Lucr. Alas, they are far off,
 Or sure they would have help'd the wretched *Lucrece*.
 Hear then, and tell it to the wondring World;
 Last Night the lustful bloody *Sextus* came
 Late, and benighted, to *Collatia*,
 Intending, as he said, for *Rome* next Morning;
 But in the dead of Night, just when soft Sleep
 Had seal'd my Eyes, and quite becalm'd my Soul,
 Methought a horrid Voice thus thunder'd in my Ear,
Lucrece, thou'rt mine, arise and meet my Arms;
 When straight I wak'd, and found young *Tarquin* by me;
 His Robe unbutton'd, red and sparkling Eyes,
 The flushing Blood that mounted in his Face,
 The trembling Eagerness that quite devour'd him,
 With only one grim Slave that held a Taper,
 At that dead Stilness of the murd'ring Night,
 Sufficiently declar'd his horrid Purpose.

Coll. Oh, *Lucrece*, Oh!

Lucr. How is it possible to speak the Passion,
 The Fright, the Throes, and Labour of my Soul?
 Ah! *Collatine*! half dead I turn'd away
 To hide my Shame, my Anger, and my Blushes,
 While he at first with a dissembled Mildness
 Attempted on my Honour——
 But hastily repuls'd, and with Disdain,
 He drew his Sword, and locking his Left-Hand
 Fast in my Hair, he held it to my Breast:
 Protesting by the Gods, the Fiends and Furies,
 If I refus'd him he would give me Death,
 And swear he found me with that swarthy Slave,
 Whom he would leave there murder'd by my Side.

Brut. Villain! Damn'd Villain!

Lucr. Ah, *Collatine*! Oh, Father! *Junius Brutus*?
 All that are kin to this dishonour'd Blood,
 How will you view me now? Ah, how forgive me?
 Yet think not, *Collatine*, with my last Tears,
 With these last Sighs, these dying Groans, I beg you;
 I do conjure my Love, my Lord, my Husband,
 O think me not consenting once in Thought,
 Tho' he in Act possess'd his furious Pleasure:

For,

For, Oh, the Name! the Name of an Adulteress! —
But here I faint. Oh, help me:

Imagine me, my Lord, but what I was,
And what I shortly shall be, cold and dead.

Coll. Oh, you avenging Gods! *Lucrece*, my Love,
I swear I do not think thy Soul consenting:
And therefore I forgive thee.

Lucr. Ah, my Lord!
Were I to live, how should I answer this?
All that I ask you now is to revenge me;
Revenge me, Father, Husband, Oh, revenge me;
Revenge me, *Brutus*; you his Sons revenge me;
Herminius, *Mutius*, thou *Horatius* too;
And thou *Valerius*; all, revenge me all:
Revenge the Honour of the ravish'd *Lucrece*.

All. We will revenge thee.

Lucr. I thank you all; I thank you, noble *Romans*:
And that my Life, tho' well I know you wish it,
May not hereafter ever give Example
To any that, like me, shall be dishonour'd,
To live beneath so loth'd an Infamy;
Thus I for ever loose it, thus set free
My Soul, my Life and Honour all together:
Revenge me; Oh Revenge, Revenge, Revenge! [*Dies.*]

Lucr. Struck to the Heart, already motionless.

Coll. O give me way to embalm her with my Tears;
For who has that Propriety of Sorrow,
Who dares to claim an equal Share with me?

Brut. That, Sir, dare I, and every *Roman* here.
What now? At your Laments? your pining Sighs?
And Woman's Drops? Shall these quit Scores for Blood?
For Chastity, for *Rome*, and violated Honour?
Now, by the Gods, my Soul disdains your Tears:
There's not a common Harlot in the Shambles
But for a Drachm shall outweep you all.

Advance the Body nearer: See, my Lords,
Behold, you dazled *Romans*, from the Wound
Of this dead Beauty, thus I draw the Dagger,
All stain'd and reeking with her sacred Blood;
Thus to my Lips I put the hallow'd Blade,

To yours, *Lucretius*, *Collatinus* yours;
 To yours *Herminius*, *Mutius* and *Horatius*,
 And yours *Valerius*: Kiss the Poniard round:
 Now join your Hands with mine, and swear, swear all,
 By this chaste Blood, chaste ere the royal Villain
 Mixt his foul Spirits with the spotless Mass.
 Swear, and let all the Gods be Witnesses,
 That you with me will drive proud *Tarquin* out,
 His Wife, th'imperial Fury, and her Sons,
 With all the Race; drive them with Sword and Fire
 To the World's Limits, Profligate accurst:
 Swear from this time never to suffer them,
 Nor any other King, to reign in *Rome*.

All. We swear.

Brut. Well have you sworn; and Oh! methinks I see
 The hovering Spirit of the ravish'd Matron
 Look down; she bows her airy Head to bless you,
 And crown th'auspicious Sacrament with Smiles.
 Thus with her Body high expos'd to View,
 March to the *Forum* with the Pomp of Death.
 O *Lucrece*! Oh!

When to the Clouds thy Pile of Fame is rais'd,
 While *Rome* is free thy Memory shall be prais'd:
 Senate and People, Wives and Virgins all,
 Shall once a Year before thy Statue fall;
 Cursing the *Tarquins*, they thy Fate shall mourn:
 But, when the Thoughts of Liberty return,
 Shall bless the happy Hour when thou wert born.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Forum.*

Tiberius, Fabritius, Lartius, Flaminius.

TIBERIUS.

Fabritius, Lartius, and Flaminius,
As you are Romans, and oblig'd by Tarquin,
I dare confide in you ; I say again,
Tho' I could not refuse the Oath he gave us,
I disapprove my Father's Undertaking :
I'm loyal to the last, and so will stand.
I am in haste, and must to *Tullia*.

Fab. Leave me, my Lord, to deal with the Multitude.

Tib. Remember this in short. A King is one
To whom you may complain when you are wrong'd ;
The Throne lies open in your Way for Justice :
You may be angry, and may be forgiven ;
There's room for Favour, and for Benefit,
Where Friends and Enemies may come together,
Have present Hearing, present Composition,
Without recourse to the litigious Laws ;
Laws that are cruel, deaf, inexorable,
That cast the Vile and Noble all together ;
Where, if you shou'd exceed the Bounds of Order,
There is no Pardon: O! 'tis dangerous,
To have all Actions judg'd by rigorous Law.
What, to depend on Innocence alone,
Among so many Accidents and Errors
That wait on human Life ? Consider it ;
Stand fast, be loyal, I must to the Queen. [Exit.]

Fab. A pretty Speech, by *Mercury* ! Look you, *Lartius*, when the Words lie like a low Wrestler, round, close and short, squat, pat and pithy.

Lar. But what should we do here, *Fabritius*? The Multitude will tear us in pieces.

Fab. 'Tis true, *Lartius*, the Multitude is a mad thing, a strange blunder-headed Monster, and very unruly: But Eloquence is such a thing, a fine, moving, florid, pathetical Speech! But see, the *Hydra* comes: Let me alone; fear not, I say fear not.

Enter Vinditius, with Plebeians.

Vin. Come, Neighbours, rank your selves, plant your selves, set your selves in order, the Gods are very angry, I'll say that for 'em: Pough, pough, I begin to sweat already; and they'll find us Work enough to Day, I'll tell you that. And to say Truth, I never lik'd *Tarquin*, before I saw the Mark in his Forehead: For look you, Sirs, I am a true Commonwealthsman, and do not naturally love Kings, tho' they be good; for why should any one Man have more Power than the People? Is he bigger, or wiser than the People? Has he more Guts, or more Brains than the People? What can he do for the People, that the People can't do for themselves? Can he make Corn grow in a Famine? Can he give us Rain in Drought? Or make our Pots boil, tho' the Devil piss in the Fire?

i Cit. For my part, I hate all Courtiers; and I think I have Reason for't.

Vin. Thou Reason! Well, Taylor, and what's thy Reason?

i Cit. Why, Sir, there was a Crew of 'em t'other Night got drunk, broke my Windows, and handled my Wife.

Vin. How, Neighbours? Nay, now the Fellow has, Reason, look you: His Wife handled? Why, this is a Matter of Moment.

i Cit. Nay, I know there were some of the Princes, for I heard *Sextus* his Name.

Vin. Ay, ay, the King's Sons, my Life for't; some of the King's Sons. Well, these roaring Lords never do any Good among us Citizens: They are ever breaking
the

the Peace, running in our Debts, and swinging our Wives.

Fab. How long at length, thou many-headed Monster, You Bulls, and Bears, you roaring Beasts and Bandogs, Porters and Coblers, Tinkers, Tailors, all You rascally Sons of Whores in a civil Government, How long, I say, dare you abuse our Patience? Does not the Thought of Rods and Axes fright you? Does not our Presence, ha! these Eyes, these Faces Strike you with trembling? Ha!

Vin. Why, what have we here? a very Spit-fire; the Crack-fart of the Court. Hold, let me see him nearer: Yes, Neighbours, this is one of 'em, one of your roaring Squires that poke us in the Night, beat the Watch, and deflower our Wives. I know him, Neighbours, for all his bouncing and his swearing; this is a Court Pimp, a Baud, one of *Tarquin's* Bauds.

Fab. Peace thou obstreperous Rascal; I am a Man of Honour; one of the Equestrian Order, my Name *Fabritius*.

Vin. *Fabritius!* Your Servant, *Fabritius*. Down with him, Neighbours; an upstart Rogue; this is he that was the Queen's Coachman, and drove the Chariot over her Father's Body; down with him, down with 'em all: Bauds, Pimps, Panders.

Fab. O Mercy, Mercy, Mercy!

Vin. Hold, Neighbours, hold: As we are Great, let us be Just. You, Sirrah; you of the Equestrian Order, Knight? Now, by *Jove*, he has the Look of a Pimp; I find we can't save him. Rise, Sir Knight, and tell me before the Majesty of the People, what have you to say, that you should not have your Neck broke down the *Tarpeian* Rock, your Body burnt, and your Ashes thrown in the *Tiber*?

Fab. Oh! oh! oh!

Vin. A Courtier! a Sheep-biter. Leave off your blubbering, and confess.

Fab. Oh! I will confess, I will confess.

Vin. Answer me then. Was not you once the Queen's Coachman?

Fab. I was, I was.

Vin. Did you not drive her Chariot over the Body of her Father, the dead King *Tullus*?

Fab. I did, I did; tho' it went against my Conscience.

Vin. So much the worse. Have you not since abused the good People, by seducing the Citizens Wives to Court for the King's Sons? Have you not by your Bauds Tricks been the occasion of their making Assault on the Bodies of many a virtuous dispos'd Gentlewoman?

Fab. I have, I have.

Vin. Have you not wickedly held the Door, while the Daughters of the wise Citizens have had their Vessels broken up?

Fab. Oh, I confess many a time and often.

Vin. For all which Services to your Princes, and so highly deserving of the Commonwealth, you have receiv'd the Honour of Knighthood?

Fab. Mercy, Mercy, I confess it all.

Vin. Hitherto I have help'd you to spell, now pray put together for your self, and confess the whole Matter in three Words.

Fab. I was at first the Son of a Carman, came to the Honour of being *Tullia*'s Coachman, have been a Pimp, and remain a Knight at the Mercy o' the People.

Vin. Well, I am mov'd, my Bowels are stir'd; take 'em away, and let 'em only be hang'd: Away with 'em, away with 'em.

Fab. Oh Mercy! Help, help.

Vin. Hang 'em, Rogues, Pimps, hang 'em I say. Why, look you, Neighbours, this is Law, Right, and Justice: This is the People's Law, and I think that's better than the arbitrary Power of Kings. Why, here was Trial, Condemnation, and Execution, without more ado. Hark, hark, what have we here? Look, look, the Tribune of the *Celeres*! Bring forth the Pulpit, the Pulpit.

Trumpets

Trumpets sound a dead March.

Enter Brutus, Valerius, Herminius, Mutius, Horatius, Lucretius, Collatinus, Tiberius, Titus, with the Body of Lucrece.

Val. I charge you Fathers, Nobles, Romans, Friends, Magistrates, all you People, hear *Valerius*. This Day, O Romans, is a Day of Wonders, The Villanies of *Tarquin* are complete: To lay whose Vices open to your View, To give you Reasons for his Banishment, With the Expulsion of his wicked Race, The Gods have chosen *Lucius Junius Brutus*, The stupid, senseless, and illiterate *Brutus*, Their Orator in this prodigious Cause: Let him ascend, and Silence be proclaim'd.

Vin. A *Brutus*, a *Brutus*, a *Brutus*! Silence there; Silence, I say, Silence on Pain of Death.

Brut. Patricians, People, Friends, and Romans all, Had not th' inspiring Gods by Wonder brought me From clouded Sense, to this full Day of Reason, Whence, with a Prophet's Prospect, I behold The State of *Rome*, and Danger of the World; Yet in a Cause like this, methinks the weak, Enervate, stupid *Brutus* might suffice: O the eternal Gods! Bring but the Statues Of *Romulus* and *Numa*, plant 'em here On either Hand of this cold *Roman* Wife, Only to stand and point that publick Wound; O Romans, Oh, what Use would be of Tongues! What Orator need speak while they were by? Would not the Majesty of those dumb Forms Inspire your Souls, and arm you for the Cause? Would you not curse the Author of the Murder, And drive him from the Earth with Sword and Fire? But where, methinks I hear the People shout, I hear the Cry of *Rome*, where is the Monster? Bring *Tarquin* forth, bring the Destroyer out,

By whose curs'd Offspring, lustful bloody *Sextus*,
 This perfect Mould of *Roman* Chastity,
 This Star of spotless and immortal Fame,
 This Pattern for all Wives, the *Roman Lucrece*,
 Was foully brought to a disastrous End. [out crying,
Vin. O, Neighbours, oh! I bury'd seven Wives with-
 Nay, I never wept before in all my Life.

Brut. O the immortal Gods, and thou great Stayer
 Of falling *Rome*, if to his own Relations,
 (For *Collatinus* is a *Tarquin* too)
 If Wrongs so great to them, to his own Blood,
 What then to us, the Nobles and the Commons?
 Not to remember you of his past Crimes,
 The black Ambition of his furious Queen,
 Who drove her Chariot thro' the *Cyprian* Street,
 On such a damn'd Design as might have turn'd
 The Steeds of Day, and shock'd the starting Gods,
 Blest as they are, with an uneasy Moment:
 Add yet to this, oh! add the horrid Slaughter
 Of all the Princes of the *Roman* Senate,
 Invading Fundamental Right and Justice,
 Breaking the antient Customs, Statutes, Laws,
 With positive Pow'r, and arbitrary Lust;
 And those Affairs which were before dispatch'd
 In Publick by the Fathers, now are forc'd
 To his own Palace, there to be determin'd
 As he and his portentous Council please.
 But then for you.

Vin. Ay, for the People, come,
 And then, my Myrmidons, to pot with him.

Brut. I say, if thus the Nobles have been wrong'd,
 What Tongue can speak the Grievance of the People?

Vin. Alas, poor People!

Brut. You that were once a Free-born People, fam'd
 In his Forefathers Days for Wars abroad,
 The Conquerors of the World; Oh *Rome*! Oh Glory!
 What are you now? What has the Tyrant made you?
 The Slaves, the Beasts, the Asses of the Earth,
 The Soldiers of the Gods, mechanick Labourers,
 Drawers of Water, Taskers, Timber-fellers,

Yok'd

Yok'd you like Bulls, his very Jades for Luggage,
Drove you with Scourges down to dig in Quarries,
To cleanse his Sinks, the Scavengers o'th' Court;
While his leud Sons, tho' not on Work so hard,
Employ'd your Daughters, and your Wives at home.

Vin. Yes, marry did they.

Brut. O all the Gods! What are you *Romans*? Ha!
If this be true, why have you been so backward?
Oh sluggish Souls! O Fall of former Glory!
That would not rouse unless a Woman wak'd you!
Behold she comes, and calls you to revenge her;
Her Spirit hovers in the Air, and cries,
To Arms! to Arms! drive, drive the *Tarquins* out.
Behold this Dagger taken from her Wound,
She bids you fix this Trophy on your Standard,
This Poniard which she itab'd into her Heart,
And bear her Body in your Battle's Front:
Or will you stay till *Tarquin* does return,
To see your Wives and Children dragg'd about,
Your Houses burnt, the Temples all profan'd,
The City fill'd with Rapes, Adulteries,
The *Tiber* chok'd with Bodies, all the Shores
And neighbouring Rocks besmear'd with *Roman* Blood?

Vin. Away, away, let's burn his Palace first. [spirer

Brut. Hold, hold, my Friends; as I have been th' In-
Of this most just Revenge, so I intreat you,
Oh worthy *Romans*, take me with you still:
Drive *Tullia* out, and all of *Tarquin's* Race;
Expel'em without Damage to their Persons,
Tho' not without Reproach. *Vindicius*, you
I trust in this: So prosper us the Gods,
Prosper our Cause, prosper the Commonwealth,
Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.

Vin. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!

All. Liberty, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

Val. O *Brutus*, as a God we all survey thee:
Let then the Gratitude we should express
Be lost in Admiration. Well, we know
Virtue like thine, so fierce, so like the Gods,
That more than thou presentst we could not bear,

Looks with Disdain on ceremonious Honours ;
 Therefore accept in short the Thanks of *Rome* :
 First with our Bodies thus we worship thee,
 Thou Guardian *Genius* of the Commonwealth,
 Thou Father and Redeemer of thy Country ;
 Next we, as Friends, with equal Armsebrace thee,
 That *Brutus* may remember, tho' his Virtue
 Soar to the Gods, he is a *Roman* still.

Brut. And when I am not so, or once in Thought
 Conspire the Bondage of my Countrymen,
 Strike me, you Gods ; tear me, O *Romans*, piece-meal ;
 And let your *Brutus* be more loth'd than *Tarquin*.
 But now to those Affairs that want a View,
 Imagine then the Fame of what is done
 Has reach'd to *Ardea*, whence the trembling King,
 By Guilt and Nature quick and apprehensive,
 With a bent Brow comes post for his Revenge,
 To make Examples of the Mutineers :
 Let him come on. *Lucretius*, to your Care
 The Charge and Custody of *Rome* is given,
 While we, with all the Force that can be rais'd,
 Waiting the *Tarquins* on the common Road,
 Resolve to join the Army at the Camp.
 What thinks *Valerius* of the Consequence ?

Val. As of a lucky Hit. There is a Number
 Of Malcontents that wish for such a Time :
 I think that only Speed is necessary
 To crown the whole Event.

Brut. Go then your self,
 With these Assistants, and make instant Head
 Well as you can, Numbers will not be wanting
 To *Mars* his Field ; I have but some few Orders
 To leave with *Titus* that must be dispers'd,
 And *Brutus* shall attend you,

Val. The Gods direct you.

[*Exeunt with the Body of Lucrece.*

Manent Brutus and Titus.

Brut. *Titus*, my Son.

Tit. My ever honour'd Lord.

Brut.

Brut. I think, my *Titus*,

Nay, by the Gods, I dare protest it to thee,
I love thee more than any of my Children.

Tit. How, Sir, oh how, my Lord, have I deserv'd it?

Brut. Therefore I lov'd thee more, because, my Son,
Thou hast deserv'd it; for to speak sincerely,
There's such a Sweetness still in all thy Manners,
An Air so open, and a Brow so clear,
A Temper so remov'd from Villany,
With such a manly Plainness in thy Dealing,
That not to love thee, O my Son, my *Titus*,
Were to be envious of so great a Virtue.

Tit. O all the Gods, where will this Kindness end?
Why do you thus, O my too gracious Lord,
Dissolve at once the Being that you gave me;
Unless you mean to screw me to Performance
Beyond the reach of Man?

Ah why, my Lord, do you oblige me more
Than my Humanity can e'er return?

Brut. Yes, *Titus*, thou conceiv'st thy Father right;
I find our *Genii* know each other well;

And Minds, my Son, of our uncommon Make,
When once the Mark's in view, never shoot wide,

But in a Line come level to the White,

And hit the very Heart of our Design;

Then to the shocking Purpose. Once again

I say, I swear, I love thee, O my Son;

I like thy Frame, the Fingers of the Gods

I see have left their Mastery upon thee;

They have been tapering up thy *Roman* Form;

And the majestick Prints at large appear:

Yet something they have left for me to finish,

Which thus I press thee to, thus in my Arms

I fashion thee, I mould thee to my Heart.

What? Dost thou kneel? Nay, stand up now a *Roman*;

Shake from thy Lids that Dew that hangs upon 'em,

And answer to th' Austerity of my Virtue.

Tit. If I must die, you Gods, I am prepar'd:

Let then my Fate suffice; but do not rack me

With something more.

Brut.

Brut. *Titus*, as I remember,
You told me you were marry'd.

Tit. My Lord, I did.

Brut. To *Teraminta*, *Tarquin's* natural Daughter.

Tit. Most true, my Lord, to that poor virtuous Maid,
Your *Titus*, Sir, your most unhappy Son,
Is join'd for ever.

Brut. No, *Titus*, not for ever ;
Not but I know the Virgin beautiful ;
For I did oft converse her when I seem'd
Not to converse at all : Yet more, my Son,
I think her chafly good, most sweetly fram'd,
Without the smallest Tincture of her Father :
Yet, *Titus*— Ha ! What, Man ? What, all in Tears !
Art thou so soft, that only saying, Yet,
Has dash'd thee thus ? Nay, then I'll plunge thee down,
Down to the bottom of this foolish Stream,
Whose Brink thus makes thee tremble. No, my Son,
If thou art mine thou art not *Teraminta's* :
Or if thou art, I swear thou must not be,
Thou shalt not be hereafter.

Tit. O the Gods !

Forgive me, Blood and Duty, all Respects
Due to a Father's Name, not *Teraminta's* !

Brut. No, by the Gods I swear, not *Teraminta's* ;
No, *Titus*, by th'eternal Fates, that hang
I hope auspicious o'er the Head of *Rome*,
I'll grapple with thee on this Spot of Earth
About this Theme till one of us fall dead :
I'll struggle with thee for this Point of Honour,
And tug with *Teraminta* for thy Heart,
As I have done for *Rome* : Yes, ere we part,
Fix'd as you are, by Wedlock join'd and fast,
I'll set you far asunder : Nay, on this,
This spotted Blade, bath'd in the Blood of *Lucrece*;
I'll make thee swear on this thy Wedding Night
Thou wilt not touch thy Wife.

Tit. Conscience, Heart and Bowels,
Am I a Man ? Have I my Flesh about me ?

Brut. I know thou hast too much of Flesh about thee ;
'Tis

'Tis that, my Son, that and thy Blood I fear,
More than thy Spirit, which is truly *Roman* :
But let the heated Channels of thy Veins
Boil o'er, I still am obstinate in this:
Thou shalt renounce thy Father or thy Love.
Either resolve to part with *Teraminta*,
To send her forth with *Tullia* to her Father,
Or shake Hands with me, part, and be accurs'd ;
Make me believe thy Mother play'd me false,
And, in my Absence, stamp'd thee with a *Tarquin*.

Tit. Hold, Sir, I do conjure you by the Gods,
Wrong not my Mother, tho' you doom me dead :
Curse me not till you hear what I resolve ;
Give me a little time to rouse my Spirits,
To muster all the Tyrant-Man about me,
All that is fierce, austere, and greatly cruel,
To *Titus* and his *Teraminta's* Ruin.

Brut. Remember me ; look on thy Father's Sufferings,
What he has borne for twenty rolling Years ;
If thou hast Nature, Worth, or Honour in thee,
The Contemplation of my cruel Labours
Will stir thee up to this new Act of Glory.
Thou want'st the Image of thy Father's Wrongs ;
O take it then, reflected with the Warmth
Of all the Tendernefs that I can give thee :
Perhaps it stood in a wrong Light before,
I'll try all ways to place it to advantage.
Learn by my rigorous *Roman* Resolution
To stiffen thy unharass'd Infant Virtue :
I do allow thee Fond, Young, Soft, and Gentle,
Train'd by the Charms of one that is most Lovely ;
Yet, *Titus*, this must be all lost, when Honour,
When *Rome*, the World, and the Gods come to claim us ;
Think then thou heard'st 'em cry, Obey thy Father ;
If thou art false, or perjur'd, there he stands
Accountable to us, but swear t'obey ;
Implicitly believe him, that, if ought
Besworn amiss, thou may'st have nought to answer.

Tit. What is it, Sir, that you wou'd have me swear ?
That I may 'scape your Curse, and gain your Blessing.

Brut.

Brut. That thou this Night wilt part with *Teraminta*,
For once again I swear, if here she stays,
What for the Hatred of the Multitude,
And my Resolves to drive out *Tarquin's* Race,
Her Person is not safe.

Tit. Here, take me, Sir,
Take me before I cool : I swear this Night
That I will part with (oh!) my *Teraminta*.

Brut. Swear too, and by the Soul of ravish'd *Lucrece*,
Tho' on thy Bridal Night, thou wilt not touch her.

Tit. I swear, even by the Soul of her you nam'd,
The ravish'd *Lucrece*, oh th' immortal Gods!
I will not touch her.

Brut. So ; I trust thy Virtue :
And by the Gods I thank thee for the Conquest.
Once more, with all the Blessings I can give thee,
I take thee to my Arms ; thus on my Breast,
The hard and rugged Pillow of thy Honour,
I wean thee from thy Love : Farewel ; be fast
To what thou'st sworn, and I am thine for ever. [*Exit.*

Tit. solus. To what thou'st sworn ! Oh Heaven and Earth
What have I sworn ? to part with *Teraminta* ? [what's that ?
To part with something dearer to my Heart
Than my Life's Drops ? What ! not this Night enjoy her ?
Renounce my Vows, the Rights, the Dues of Marriage,
Which I now gave her, and the Priest was Witness,
Bless'd with a Flood that stream'd from both our Eyes,
And seal'd with Sighs, and Smiles, and deathless Kisses :
Yet after this to swear thou wilt not touch her !
Oh, all the Gods, I did forswear my self
In swearing that, and will forswear again :
Not touch her ! O thou perjur'd Braggard, where,
Where are thy Vaunts, thy Protestations now ?

Enter Teraminta.

She comes to strike thy staggering Duty down :
'Tis fall'n, 'tis gone. Oh *Teraminta*, come,
Come to my Arms thou only Joy of *Titus*,
Hush to my Cares thou Mass of hoarded Sweets,

Selected

Selected Hour of all Life's happy Moments :
What shall I say to thee ?

Ter. Say any thing ;
For while you speak, methinks a sudden Calm,
In spite of all the Horror that surrounds me,
Falls upon every frighted Faculty,
And puts my Soul in Tune. O *Titus*, oh !
Methinks my Spirit shivers in her House,
Shrugging, as if she long'd to be at rest ;
With this Foresight, to die thus in your Arms,
Were to prevent a World of following Ills. [now

Tit. What Ills, my Love ? What Power has Fortune
But we can brave ? 'Tis true, my *Teraminta*,
The Body of the World is out of Frame,
The vast distorted Limbs are on the Rack,
And all the Cable Sinews stretch'd to bursting.
The Blood ferments, and the majestick Spirits,
Like *Hercules* in the invenom'd Shirt,
Lie in a Fever on the horrid Pile :
My Father, like an *Esculapius*
Sent by the Gods, comes boldly to the Cure ;
But how, my Love ? By violent Remedies :
And says that *Rome*, ere yet she can be well,
Must purge and cast, purge all th'infected Humours
Through the whole Mass, and vastly, vastly bleed.

Ter. Ah, *Titus* ! I my self but now beheld
Th' Expulsion of the Queen, driv'n from her Palace,
By the enrag'd and madding Multitude,
And hardly 'scap'd my self to find you here.

Tit. Why yet, my *Teraminta*, we may smile.
Come then to Bed, ere yet the Night descends
With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World.
Why, what care we ? Let us enjoy those Pleasures
The Gods have given ; lock'd in each other's Arms
We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at Fate.

Ter. No, no, my Lord, there's more than you have nam'd,
There's something at your Heart that I must find ;
I claim it with the Privilege of a Wife :
Keep close your Joys ; but for your Griefs, my *Titus*,
I must not, will not lose my Share in them.

Ah,

Ah, the good Gods, what is it stirs you thus?
 Speak, speak, my Lord, or *Teraminta* dies.
 Oh Heav'ns, he weeps! nay then, upon my Knees
 I thus conjure you speak, or give me Death.

Tit. Rise, *Teraminta*. Oh, if I should speak
 What I have rashly sworn against my Love,
 I fear that I should give thee Death indeed.

Ter. Against your Love! no, that's impossible;
 I know your God-like Truth: Nay, should you swear,
 Swear to me now that you forswore your Love,
 I would not credit it. No, no, my Lord,
 I see, I know, I read it in your Eyes,
 You love the wretched *Teraminta* still:
 The very manner of your hiding it,
 The Tears you shed, your Backwardness to speak
 What you affirm you swore against your Love,
 Tell me, my Lord, you love me more than ever.

Tit. By all the Gods I do: Oh *Teraminta*,
 My Heart's Discerner, whither wilt thou drive me?
 I'll tell thee then. My Father wrought me up,
 I know not how, to swear I know not what,
 That I would send thee hence with *Tullia*,
 Swear not to touch thee, tho' my Wife; yet, oh!
 Hadst thou been by thy self, and but beheld him,
 Thou wouldst have thought, such was his Majesty,
 That the Gods lightned from his awful Eyes,
 And thunder'd from his Tongue.

Ter. No more, my Lord:
 I do conjure you by all those Powers
 Which we invok'd together at the Altar,
 And beg you by the Love I know you bear me,
 To let this Passion trouble you no farther;
 No, my dear Lord, my honour'd God-like Husband,
 I am your Wife, and one that seeks your Honour:
 By Heav'n I would have sworn you thus my self.
 What, on the Shock of Empire, on the Turn
 Of State, and the Universal Change of Things,
 To lie at home, and languish for a Woman!
 No, *Titus*, he that makes himself thus vile,
 Let him not dare pretend to ought that's Princely;

But

But be, as all the warlike World shall judge him,
The Droll o' th' People, and the Scorn of Kings.

Enter Horatius.

Hor. My Lord, your Father gives you thus in Charge,
Remember what you swore: The Guard is ready;
And I am ordered to conduct your Bride,
While you attend your Father.

Tit. Oh *Teraminta*!

Then we must part.

Ter. We must, we must, my Lord,
Therefore be swift, and snatch your self away,
Or I shall die with lingring.

Tit. Oh, a Kiss,
Balmy as Cordials that recover Souls,
Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers.
Preserve thy self; look well to that, my Love;
Think on our Covenant: When either dies,
The other is no more.

Ter. I do remember,
But have no Language left.

Tit. Yet we shall meet,
In spite of Sighs we shall, at least in Heav'n.
Oh *Teraminta*, once more to my Heart,
Once to my Lips, and ever to my Soul.
Thus the soft Mother, tho' her Babe is dead,
Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid,
Will talk, and rave, and with the Nurses strive,
And fond it still, as if it were alive;
Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Croud,
And shrieks to see 'em wrap it in the Shroud.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Collatinus, Tiberius, Vitellius, Aquilius.

C O L L A T I N U S.

H’ Expulsion of the *Tarquins* now must stand;
 Their Camp to be surpris’d, while *Tarquin* here
 Was scolded from our Walls! I blush to think
 That such a Master in the Art of War
 Should so forget himself.

Vit. Triumphant Brutus,
 Like *Jove* when follow’d by a Train of Gods,
 To mingle with the Fates, and doom the World,
 Ascends the Brazen Steps o’ th’ Capitol,
 With all the humming Senate at his Heels;
 Ev’n in that Capitol which the King built
 With the Expence of all the Royal Treasure:
 Ungrateful *Brutus* there in Pomp appears,
 And sits the Purple Judge of *Tarquin*’s Downfal.

Aquil. But why, my Lord, why are not you there too?
 Were you not chosen Consul by whole *Rome*?
 Why are you not saluted too like him?
 Where are your Lictors? Where your Rods and Axes?
 Or are you but the Ape, the mimic God
 Of this new Thunderer, who appropriates
 Those Bolts of Power which ought to be divided?

Tib. Now by the Gods I hate his upstart Pride,
 His Rebel Thoughts of the Imperial Race,
 His abject Soul that stoops to court the Vulgar,
 His Scorn of Princes, and his Lust to th’ People.
 O *Collatine*, have you not Eyes to find him?
 Why are you rais’d, but to set off his Honours?
 A Taper by the Sun, whose sickly Beams
 Are swallow’d in the Blaze of his full Glory:
 He, like a Meteor, wades th’ Abyss of Light,
 While your faint Lustre adds but to the Beard

That

That awes the World. When late through *Rome* he pass'd
 Fix'd on his Courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
 On this, on that side, to the gazing Heads
 That pav'd the Streets, and all imboss'd the Windows;
 That gap'd with Eagerness to speak, but could not,
 So fast their Spirits flow'd to Admiration,
 And that to Joy, which thus at last broke forth:
Brutus, God *Brutus*, Father of thy Country!
 Hail *Genius*, hail! Deliverer of lost *Rome*!
 Shield of the Commonwealth, and Sword of Justice!
 Hail, Scourge of Tyrants, Lash for lawless Kings!
 All hail, they cry'd, while the long Peal of Praises,
 Tormented with a thousand echoing Cries,
 Ran like the Volly of the Gods along. [brance.

Coll. No more on't; I grow sick with the Remem-

Tib. But when you follow'd, how did their bellying Bo-
 That ventur'd from the Casements more than half [dies,
 To look at *Brutus*, nay, that stuck like Snails
 Upon the Walls, and from the Houses Tops
 Hung down like clust'ring Bees upon each other;
 How did they all draw back at sight of you,
 To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from Rapture?
 Are you a Man? Have you the Blood of Kings,
 And suffer this?

Coll. Ha! is he not his Father?

Tib. I grant he is.

Consider this, and rouze your self at home:
 Commend my Fire, and rail at your own Slackness.
 Yet more, remember but your last Disgrace,
 When you propos'd, with Reverence to the Gods,
 A King of Sacrifices should be chosen,
 And from the Consuls, did he not oppose you?
 Fearing, as well he might, your sure Election;
 Saying, it smelt too much of Royalty;
 And that it might rub up the Memory
 Of those that lov'd the Tyrant? Nay, yet more,
 That if the People chose you for the Place,
 The Name of King would light upon a *Tarquin*;
 Of one that's doubly Royal, being descended
 From two great Princes that were Kings of *Rome*?

Coll.

Coll. But after all this, whither would'st thou drive?

Tib. I would to Justice, for the Restoration
Of our most lawful Prince : Yes, *Collatine*,
I look upon my Father as a Traitor ;
I find that neither you, nor brave *Aquilius*,
Nor young *Vitellius*, dare confide in me :
But that you may, and firmly, to the hazard
Of all the World holds precious, once again,
I say, I look on *Brutus* as a Traitor ;
No more my Father, by th' immortal Gods :
And to redeem the Time, to fix the King
On his Imperial Throne, some Means propose
That favour of a govern'd Policy,
Where there is Strength and Life to hope a Fortune,
Not to throw all upon one desperate Chance ;
I'll on as far as he that laughs at dying.

Coll. Come to my Arms : O thou so truly Brave,
Thou may'st redeem the Errors of thy Race !
Aquilius, and *Vitellius*, O embrace him,
And ask his Pardon, that so long we fear'd
To trust so rich a Virtue. But behold,

Enter Brutus and Valerius.

Brutus appears: Young Man, be satisfy'd,
I found thy politick Father to the bottom,
Plotting the Assumption of *Valerius* ;
He means to cast me from the Consulship.
But now I heard how he cajol'd the People
With his known Industry, and my Remisness :
That still in all our Votes, Prescriptions, Edicts,
Against the King, he found I acted faintly,
Still closing every Sentence, he's a *Tarquin*.

Brut. No, my *Valerius*, till thou art my Mate,
Joint Master in this great Authority,
However calm the Face of things appears,
Rome is not safe : By the majestick Gods
I swear, while *Collatine* sits at the Helm,
A Universal Wrack is to be fear'd :
I have Intelligence of his Transactions,

He

He mingles with the young hot Blood of *Rome*,
Gnaws himself inward, grudges my Applause,
Promotes Cabals with highest Quality,
Such headlong Youth as spurning Laws and Manners,
Shar'd in the late Debaucheries of *Sextus*,
And therefore with the Tyrant here again.
As the inverted Seasons shock wise Men,
And the most fix'd Philosophy must start
At sultry Winters, and at frosty Summers:
So at this most unnatural Stilness here,
This more than midnight Silence through all *Rome*,
This deadness of Discourse, and dreadful Calm
Upon so great a Change, I more admire,
Than if a hundred politick Heads were met,
And nodded Mutiny to one another;
More Fear than if a thousand lying Libels
Were spread abroad, nay, dropt among the Senate.

Val. I have my self employ'd a busy Slave,
His Name *Vinditius*, given him Wealth and Freedom,
To watch the Motions of *Vitellius*,
And those of the *Aquilian* Family:
Vitellius has already entertain'd him;
And something thence important may be gather'd:
For these of all the Youth of Quality
Are most inclin'd to *Tarquin* and his Race,
By Blood and Humour.

Brut. Oh, *Valerius*!
That Boy, observ'st thou? Oh, I fear, my Friend,
He is a Weed, tho' rooted in my Heart,
And grafted to my Stock, if he prove rank,
By *Mar's* no more but thus, away with him:
I'll tear him from me, tho' the Blood should follow.
Tiberius.

Tib. My Lord!

Brut. Sirrah, no more of that *Vitellius*;
I warn'd you too of young *Aquilus*:
Are my Words Wind, that thus you let 'em pass?
Hast thou forgot thy Father?

Tib. No, my Lord?

Brut.

Brut. Thou ly'st. But tho' thou 'scape a Father's Rod,
 The Consul's Ax may reach thee: think on that.
 I know thy Vanity, and blind Ambition;
 Thou dost associate with my Enemies:
 When I refus'd the Consul *Collatine*
 To be the King of Sacrifices, straight,
 As if thou hadst been sworn his Bosom Fool,
 He nam'd thee for the Office: and since that,
 Since I refus'd thy Madness thy Preferment,
 Because I would have none of *Brutus'* Blood
 Pretend to be a King, thou hang'st thy Head,
 Contriv'st to give thy Father new Displeasure;
 As if Imperial Toil were not enough
 To break my Heart without thy Disobedience.
 But by the Majesty of *Rome* I swear,
 If after double Warning thou despise me,
 By all the Gods, I'll cast thee from my Blood,
 Doom thee to Forks and Whips as a *Barbarian*,
 And leave thee to the Lashes of the Lictor.
Tarquinius Collatinus, you are summon'd
 To meet the Senate on the instant Time.

Coll. Lead on: my Duty is to follow *Brutus*.

[*Ex. Brut. Val.*

Tib. Now, by those Gods with which he menac'd me,
 I here put off all Nature; since he turns me
 Thus desperate to the World, I do renounce him:
 And when we meet again he is my Foe.
 All Blood, all Reverence, Fondness be forgot:
 Like a grown Savage on the common Wild,
 That runs at all, and cares not who begot him,
 I'll meet my Lion Sire and roar Defiance,
 As if he ne'er had nurs'd me in his Den.

*Enter Vinditius, with the People, and two Feclian
 Priests, crown'd with Laurel: two Spears in their
 Hands, one bloody and half burnt.*

Vin. Make way there, hey, News from the Tyrant;
 here come Envoys, Herald, Ambassadors, whether in
 the Gods Name or in the Devils, I know not, but here
 they

they come, your *Fecialian* Priests: Well, good People, I like not these Priests; why, what the Devil have they to do with State Affairs? What side soever they are for, the'll have Heaven for their part I'll warrant you: They'll lug the Gods in whether they will or no.

1 *Pri.* Hear, *Jupiter*; and thou, O *Juno*, hear;
Hear, O *Quirinus*, hear us, all you Gods,
Celestial, Terrestrial, and Infernal.

2 *Pri.* Be thou, O *Rome*, our Judge: Hear all you People.

Vin. Fine canting Rogues! I told you how they'd be hooking the Gods in at first dash: Why, the Gods are their Tools and Tackle; they work with Heaven and Hell; and let me tell you, as Things go, your Priests have a hopeful Trade on't.

1 *Pri.* I come Ambassador to thee, O *Rome*,
Sacred and Just, the Legate of the King.

2 *Pri.* If we demand, or purpose to require,
A Stone from *Rome* that's contrary to Justice,
May we be ever banish'd from our Country,
And never hope to taste this vital Air.

Tib. *Vinditius*, lead the Multitude away;
Aquilus, with *Vitellius*, and my self,
Will straight conduct 'em to the Capitol.

Vin. I go, my Lord; but have a care of 'em: Sly Rogues, I warrant 'em, Mark that first Priest; do you see how he leers? A lying Elder; the true Cast of a Holy Jugler. Come, my Masters, I would think well of a Priest, but that he has a Commission to dissemble: A Patent Hypocrite, that takes Pay to forge Lyes by Law, and lives by the Sins of the People.

[*Exeunt with People.*]

Aquil. My Life upon't, you may speak out, and freely; *Tiberius* is the Heart of our Design.

1 *Pri.* The Gods be prais'd. Thus then; the King
commends

Your generous Resolves, longs to be with you,
And those you have engag'd, divides his Heart
Amongst you; which more clearly will be seen

When

When you have read these Packets : As we go,
I'll spread the Bosom of the King before you [*Exeunt*].

SCENE II. *The Senate.*

Brut. *Patricians*, that long stood, and 'scap'd the Ty-
The venerable Moulds of your Forefathers, [rant,
That represent the Wisdom of the Dead ;
And you the Conscript chosen for the People,
Engines of Power, severest Counsellors,
Courts that examine Treasons to the Head :
All hail. The Consul begs th' auspicious Gods,
And binds *Quirinus* by his tutelar Vow,
That Plenty, Peace, and lasting Liberty
May be your Portion, and the Lot of *Rome*.
Laws, Rules, and Bounds, prescrib'd for raging Kings,
Like Banks and Bulwarks for the Mother Seas,
Tho' 'tis impossible they should prevent
A thousand daily Wrecks and nightly Ruins,
Yet help to break those rolling Inundations,
Which else would overflow and drown the World.
Tarquin, to feed whose fathomless Ambition
And Ocean Luxury, the noblest Veins
Of all true *Romans* were like Rivers empty'd,
Is cut from *Rome*, and now he flows full on :
Yet, Fathers, ought we much to fear his Ebb,
And strictly watch the Dams that we have rais'd.
Why should I go about ? The *Roman* People
All, with one Voice, accuse my Fellow Consul.

Coll. The People may ; I hope the Nobles will not.
The People ! *Brutus* does indulge the People.

Brut. Consul, in what is right I will indulge 'em :
And much I think 'tis better so to do,
Than see 'em run in Tumults through the Streets,
Forming Cabals, plotting against the Senate,
Shutting their Shops, and flying from the Town,
As if the Gods had sent the Plague among 'em.
I know too well, you and your Royal Tribe
Scorn the good People, scorn the late Election,

Because

Because we chose these Fathers for the People,
 To fill the Place of those whom *Tarquin* murder'd:
 And tho' you laugh at this, you and your Train,
 The irreligious harebrain'd Youth of *Rome*,
 The Ignorant, the Slothful, and the Base;
 Yet wise Men know, 'tis very rarely seen,
 That a free People should desire the Hurt
 Of Common Liberty. No, *Collatine*,
 For those Desires arise from their Oppression,
 Or from Suspicion they are falling to it:
 But put the Case that those their Fears were false,
 Ways may be found to rectify their Errors;
 For grant the People ignorant of themselves,
 Yet they are capable of being told,
 And will conceive a Truth from worthy Men:
 From you they will not, nor from your Adherents,
Rome's infamous and execrable Youth,
 Foes to Religion and the Commonwealth,
 To Virtue, Learning, and all sober Arts
 That bring Renown and Profit to Mankind;
 Such as had rather bleed beneath a Tyrant
 To become dreadful to the Populace,
 To spread their Lusts and Dissoluteness round,
 Tho' at the daily hazard of their Lives,
 Than live at Peace in a free Government,
 Where every Man is Master of his own,
 Sole Lord at home, and Monarch of his House;
 Where Rancor and Ambition are extinguish'd:
 Where universal Peace extends her Wings,
 As if the Golden Age return'd; where all
 The People do agree, and live secure;
 The Nobles and the Princes lov'd and reverenc'd,
 The World in Triumph, and the Gods ador'd.

Coll. The Consul, Conscript Fathers, says the People,
 For divers Reasons, grudge the Dignity,
 Which I possess'd by general Approbation:
 I hear their Murmurs, and would know of *Brutus*
 What they would have me do; what's their Desire.

Brut. Take hence the Royal Name, resign thy Office;
 Go as a Friend, and of thy own accord,

Left thou be forc'd to what may seem thy Will:
 The City renders thee what is thy own
 With vast Increase, so thou resolve to go:
 For 'till the Name, the Race and Family
 Of *Tarquin* be remov'd, *Rome* is not free.

Coll. Brutus, I yield my Office to *Valerius*,
 Hoping, when *Rome* has try'd my Faith by Exile,
 She will recal me: So the Gods preserve you. [*Exit.*]

Brut. Welcome, *Publicola*, true Son of *Rome*;
 On such a Pilot in the roughest Storm
 She may securely sleep, and rest her Cares.

Enter Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, and the Priests.

1 *Pri.* Hear *Jupiter*, *Quirinus*, all you Gods.
 Thou Father, Judge, commission'd for the Message,
Pater Patratus for the Embassy,
 And sacred Oaths which I must swear for Truth;
 Dost thou commission me to seal the Peace,
 If Peace they choose; or hurl this bloody Spear
 Half burnt in Fire, if they enforce a War?

2 *Pri.* Speak to the Senate, and the *Alban* People,
 The Words of *Tarquin*: This is your Commission.

1 *Pri.* The King, to shew he has more Moderation
 Than those that drove him from his lawful Empire,
 Demands but Restitution of his own,
 His Royal Household-stuff, Imperial Treasure,
 His Gold, his Jewels, and his proper State
 To be transported where he now resides:
 I swear that this is all the King requires;
 Behold his Signet set upon the Wax,
 'Tis seal'd and written in these sacred Tables.
 To this I swear; and as my Oath is just,
 Sincere, and punctual, without all Deceit,
 May *Jupiter* and all the Gods reward me:
 But if I act, or otherwise imagine,
 Think, or design, than what I here have sworn,
 All you the *Alban* People being safe,
 Safe in your Country, Temples, Sepulchres,
 Safe in your Laws, and proper Household Gods,

Let me alone be struck, fall, perish, die,
As now this Stone falls from my Hand to Earth.

Brut. The Things you ask, being very controversial,
Require some time. Should we deny the Tyrant
What was his own, 'twould seem a strange Injustice,
Tho' he had never reign'd in *Rome*; yet, Fathers,
If we consent to yield to his Demand,
We give him then full Power to make a War.
'Tis known to you, the *Fecialian* Priests,
No Act of Senate after Sun-set stands;
Therefore your Offers being of great moment,
We shall defer your Bus'ness 'till the Morn;
With whose first Dawn we summon all the Fathers
To give th' Affair Dispatch: So *Jove* protect,
Guard, and defend the Commonwealth of *Rome*. [*Exe.*

Manent Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, *Priests*.

Tib. Now to the Garden, where I'll bring my Brother:
Fear not, my Lord; we have the Means to work him:
It cannot fail.

Pri. And you, *Vitellius*, haste
With good *Aquilius*, spread the News thro' *Rome*,
To all of Royal Spirit; most to those
Young Noblemen that us'd to range with *Sextus*:
Persuade a Restitution of the King,
Give 'em the Hint to let him in by Night,
And join their Forces with th' Imperial Troops,
For 'tis a Shove, a Push of Fate must bear it:
For you, the Hearts and Souls of Enterprize,
I need not urge a Reason after this:
What Good can come of such a Government,
Where tho' two Consuls, wise and able Persons
As are throughout the World, sit at the Helm,
A very Trifle cannot be resolv'd;
A Trick, a Start, a Shadow of a Business,
That would receive Dispatch in half a Minute,
Were the Authority but rightly plac'd
In *Rome's* most lawful King? But now no more;
The *Fecialian* Garden is the Place,

Where more of our sworn Function will be ready
To help the Royal Plot: Disperse, and prosper.

SCENE III. *The Fecialian Garden.*

Titus solus.

Tit. She's gone, and I shall never see her more:
Gone to the Camp, to the harsh Trade of War,
Driven from thy Bed, just warm within thy Breast,
Torn from her Harbour by thy Father's Hand,
Perhaps to starve upon the barren Plain.
Thy Virgin Wife, the very Blush of Maids,
The softest Bosom, sweet, and not enjoy'd:
O the Immortal Gods! And as she went,
Howe'er she seem'd to bear our Parting well,
Methoughts she mix'd her Melting with Disdain,
A Cast of Anger through her shining Tears:
So to abuse her Hopes, and blast her Wishes,
By making her my Bride, but not a Woman!

*Enter Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius, and Priests,
with Teraminta.*

Tib. See where he stands, drown'd in his Melancholy.

1 Pri. Madam, you know the Pleasure of the Queen:
And what the Royal *Tullia* did command,
I've sworn to execute.

Ter. I am instructed.

Since then my Life's at stake, you need not doubt
But I will act with all the Force I can:
Let me intreat you leave me here alone
Some Minutes, and I'll call you to the Conquest.

[*Ex. Tib. Aquil. Vitel. Pri.*

Tit. Choose then the gloomiest Place through all the
Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground, [Grove,
With thy bare Breast lie wedded to the Dew;
Then, as thou drink'st the Tears that trickle from thee,
So stretch'd resolve to lie 'till Death shall seize thee:
Thy sorrowful Head hung o'er some tumbling Stream,

To

To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds,
With broken Murmurs, and redoubled Groans,
To help the gurgling of the Waters Fall.

Ter. Oh, *Titus*, Oh, what Scene of Death is this!

[*Aside.*]

Tit. Or if thy Passion will not be kept in,
As in that Glass of Nature thou shalt view
Thy swoln drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
The Tops of Willows, and their Blossoms turn'd,
With all the under Sky ten Fathom down,
Wish that the Shadow of the swimming Globe
Were so indeed, that thou might'st leap at Fate,
And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars:
Nay, do not bear it, turn thy watry Face
To yon misguided Orb, and ask the Gods
For what bold Sin they doom the wretched *Titus*
To such a Loss as that of *Teraminta*?

O *Teraminta*! I will groan thy Name,
'Till the tir'd Echo faint with Repetition,
'Till all the breathless Grove and quiet Myrtles
Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempest bow'd 'em.
Nothing but *Teraminta*: O *Teraminta*!

Ter. Nothing but *Titus*: *Titus* and *Teraminta*!
Thus let me rob the Fountains and the Groves,
Thus gird me to thee with the fastest Knot
Of Arms and Spirits that would clasp thee through;
Cold as thou art, and wet with Night's falln Dews,
Yet dearer so, thus richly dress'd with Sorrows,
Than if the Gods had hung thee round with Kingdoms.
Oh, *Titus*! Oh!

Ter. I find thee, *Teraminta*,
,Wak'd from a fearful Dream, and hold thee fast:
'Tis real, and I give thee back thy Joys,
Thy boundless Love with Pleasures running o'er;
Nay, as thou art, thus with thy Trappings, come,
Leap to my Heart, and ride upon the Pants,
Triumphing thus, and now defy our Stars.
But, oh, why do we lose this precious Moment!
The Bliss may yet be barr'd if we delay,
As 'twas before. Come to thy Husband's Bed;

I will not think this true 'till there I hold thee,
 Lock'd in my Arms. Leave this contagious Air,
 There will be time for Talk how thou cam'st hither,
 When we have been beforehand with the Gods:
 'Till then —————

Ter. Oh, *Titus*, you must hear me first.
 I bring a Message from the furious Queen:
 I promised, nay, she swore me not to touch you,
 'Till I had charm'd you to the Part of *Tarquin*.

Tit. Ha, *Teraminta*! Not to touch thy Husband
 Unless he prove a Villain?

Ter. *Titus*, no:
 I'm sworn to tell you that you are a Traitor,
 If you refuse to fight the Royal Cause.

Tit. Hold, *Teraminta*.

Ter. No, my Lord; 'tis plain,
 And I am sworn to lay my Reasons home.
 Rouze then, awake, recal your sleeping Virtue,
 Side with the King, and arm against your Father;
 Take part with those that loyally have sworn
 To let him in by Night: *Vitellius*,
Aquilius, and your Brother wait without;
 Therefore I charge you haste, subscribe your Name,
 And send your vow'd Obedience to the King.
 'Tis *Teraminta* that intreats you thus,
 Charms, and conjures you: tell the Royal Heralds
 You'll head their Enterprize; and then, my Lord,
 My Love, my noble Husband, I'll obey you,
 And follow to your Bed.

Tit. Never, I swear.

Oh, *Teraminta*, thou hast broke my Heart;
 By all the Gods, from thee this was too much.
 Farewel, and take this with thee. For thy sake
 I will not fight against the King, nor for him.
 I'll fly my Father, Brother, Friends for ever;
 Forsake the haunts of Men; converse no more
 With ought that's human; dwell with endless Darknes;
 For since the sight of thee is now unwelcome,
 What has the World besides that I can bear?

Ter.

Ter. Come back, my Lord. By those Immortal Pow'rs
You now invok'd, I'll fix you in this Virtue.

Your *Teraminta* did but try how strong
Your Honour stood; and now she finds it lasting,
Will die to root you in this solid Glory.

Yes, *Titus*, tho' the Queen has sworn to end me,
Tho' both the *Fecialians* have Commission
To stab me in your Presence, if not wrought
To serve the King, yet by the Gods I charge you
Keep to the Point your Constancy has gain'd.

Tarquin, altho' my Father, is a Tyrant,
A bloody, black Usurper; so I beg you
E'en in my Death to view him.

Tit. Oh, you Gods!

Ter. Yet guilty as he is, if you behold him
Hereafter with his Wounds upon the Earth,
Titus, for my sake, for poor *Teraminta*,
Who rather dy'd than you shou'd lose your Honour,
Do not you strike him, do not dip your Sword
In *Tarquin's* Blood, because he was my Father.

Tit. No, *Teraminta*, no; by all the Gods
I will defend him, e'en against my Father.
See, see, my Love, behold the Flight I take:
What all the Charms of thy expected Bed
Could not once move my Soul to think of acting,
Thy Tears and menac'd Death, by which thou striv'st
To fix me to the Principles of Glory,
Have wrought me off. Yes, yes, you cruel Gods,
Let the eternal Bolts that bind this Frame
Start from their Order: since you push me thus,
E'en to the Margin of this wide Despair,
Behold I plunge at once in this Dishonour,
Where there is neither Shore, nor hope of Heav'n,
No floating Mark through all the dismal Vast;
'Tis rockless too, no Cliff to clamber up,
To gaze about and pause upon the Ruin.

Ter. Is then your purpos'd Honour come to this?
What now, my Lord?

Tit. Thy Death, thy Death, my Love:
I'll think on that, and laugh at all the Gods.

Glory, Blood, Nature, Ties of Reverence,
 The Dues of Birth, Respect of Parents, all,
 All are as this, the Air I drive before me.
 What ho! *Vitellius*, and *Aquilius*, come,
 And you the *Fecialian* Heralds, haste,
 I'm ready for the Leap, I'll take it with you,
 Tho' deep as to the Fiends.

Ter. Thus hear me, *Titus*.

Tit. Off from my Knees, away. [me ?
 What on this Theme, thy Death? Nay, stabb'd before

Enter Priests, with Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius.

Speak not; I will not know thee on this Subject,
 But push thee from my Heart, with all Persuasions
 That now are lost upon me. O *Tiberius*,
Aquilius, and *Vitellius*, welcome, welcome;
 I'll join you in the Conjurat[i]on, come:
 I am as free as he that dares be foremost.

Ter. My Lord, my Husband.

Tit. Take this Woman from me.

Nay, look you, Sirs, I am not yet so gone,
 So headlong neither in his damn'd Design,
 To quench this horrid Thirst with *Brutus'* Blood:
 No, by th' Eternal Gods I bar you that;
 My Father shall not bleed.

Tib. You could not think
 Your Brother sure so monstrous in his Kind,
 As not to make our Father's Life his Care.

Tit. Thus then, my Lords, I list my self among you,
 And with my Stile in short subscribe my self
 The Servant to the King; my Words are these;

' *Titus* to the King:

' Sir, you need only know my Brother's Mind

' To judge of me, who am resolv'd to serve you.

1 *Pri.* 'Tis full enough.

Tit. Then leave me to the Hire

[*Ex. Tib. Aquil. Vit. and Priests.*

Of this hard Labour, to the dear-bought Prize,
 Whose Life I purchas'd with my Loss of Honour:

Come

Come to my Breasts thou Tempest-beaten Flower,
Brim-full of Rain, and stick upon my Heart.
O short-liv'd Rose! Yet I some Hours will wear thee:
Yes, by the Gods I'll smell thee 'till I languish,
Rifle thy Sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er,
Fall like the Night upon thy folding Beauties,
And clasp thee dead: Then, like the Morning Sun,
With a new Heat kiss thee to Life again,
And make the Pleasure equal to the Pain. [Exeunt.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Tiberius, Vitellius.

T I B E R I U S.



ARK, are we not pursu'd?

Vit. No; 'tis the Tread

Of our own Friends that follow in the dark.

Tib. What's now the time?

Vit. Just dead of Night,

And 'tis the blackest that e'er mask'd a Murder.

Tib. It likes me better; for I love the Scoul,
The grimmeſt Lowre of Fate on ſuch a Deed;

I would have all the Charnel-houſes yawn,

The duſty Urns, and monumental Bones,

Remov'd, to make our Maſſacre a Tomb.

Hark! Who was that that hollow'd Fire?

Vit. A Slave

That ſnores i' th' Hall, he bellows in his Sleep,

And cries, The Capitol's o' Fire.

Tib. I would it were,

And *Tarquin* at the Gates: 'Twould be a Blaze,

A Beacon fit to light a King of Blood,

That vows at once the Slaughter of the World;

Down with their Temples, ſet 'em on a Flame;

What ſhould they do with Houſes for the Gods;

Fat Fools, the lazy Magiſtrates of *Rome*,

Wife Citizens, the politick Heads o' th' People,
 That preach Rebellion to the Multitude?
 Why, let 'em off, and roll into their Graves:
 I long to be at work. See, good *Aquilus*,
Trebonius too, *Servilius* and *Minutius*,
Pomponius hail: Nay, now you may unmask,
 Brow-beat the Fates, and say they are your Slaves.

Aqu. What are those Bodies for?

Tib. A Sacrifice.

These were two very busy Commonwealths-Men,
 That, e'er the King was banish'd by the Senate,
 First set the Plot on foot in publick Meetings;
 That would be holding forth, 'twas possible
 That Kings themselves might err, and were but Men,
 The People were not Beasts for Sacrifice;
 Then jogg'd his Brother, this cramm'd Statesman here,
 The bolder Rogue, whom ev'n with open Mouth-
 I heard once belch Sedition from a Stall.
 Go, bear him to the Priests; he is a Victim
 That comes as wish'd for them, the Cooks of Heav'n,
 And they will carve this Brawn of fat Rebellion,
 As if he were a Dish the Gods might feed on.

Vin. [From a Window.] Oh, the Gods! Oh the Gods!
 What will they do with him? O these Priests, Rogues,
 Cut-throats! a Dish for the Gods, but the Devil's Cooks
 to dress him.

Tib. Thus then. The *Fecialians* have set down
 A Platform, copy'd from the King's Design:
 The *Pandane*, or the *Romulide*, the *Roman*,
Garmental and *Fanicular* Ports of *Rome*,
 The *Circ*, the *Capitol*, and *Sublician* Bridge,
 Must all be seiz'd by us that are within;
 'Twill not be hard in the Surprise of Night
 By us, the Consuls Children and their Nephews,
 To kill the drousy Guards, and keep the Holds,
 At least so long 'till *Tarquin* force his Entrance
 With all the Royalists that come to join us.
 Therefore to make his broader Squadrons Way,
Tarquinian is design'd to be the Entry
 Of his most pompous and resolv'd Revenge.

Aquil.

Aquil. The first decreed in this great Execution,
Is here set down, your Father and *Valerius*.

Tib. That's as the King shall please; but for *Valerius*,
I'll take my self the Honour of his Head,
And wear it on my Spear. The Senate all
Without Exception shall be sacrific'd :
And those that are the mutinous Heads o' th' People,
Whom I have mark'd to be the Soldiers Spoil,
For Plunder must be given; and who so fit
As those notorious Limbs, your Commonwealths-Men?
Their Daughters to be ravish'd, and their Sons
Quarter'd like Brutes upon the common Shambles.

Vit. Now for the Letters, which the *Fecialians*
Require us all to sign, and send to *Tarquin*,
Who will not else be apt to trust his Heralds
Without Credentials under every Hand;
The Bus'ness being indeed of vast Import,
On which the Hazard of his Life and Empire,
As well as all our Fortunes, does depend.

Tib. It were a Break to the whole Enterprize
To make a Scruple in our great Affair:
I will sign first: And for my Brother *Titus*,
Whom his new Wife detains, I have his Hand
And Seal to shew, as fast and firm as any.

Vin. O Villany! Villany! What would they do with
me if they should catch me peeping? Knock out my
Brains at least; another Dish for the Priests, who would
make fine Sauce of 'em for the Hanch of a fat Citizen!

Tib. All Hands have here subscribed: and that your
Prove resolute to what your Hands have giv'n, [Hearts
Behold the Messengers of Heav'n to bind you,
Charms of Religion, sacred Conjurations,
With Sounds of Execration, Words of Horror,
Not to disclose or make least Signs or Show
Of what you have both heard, and seen, and sworn;
But bear your selves as if it ne'er had been:
Swear by the Gods celestial and infernal,
By *Pluto*, Mother Earth, and by the Furies,
Not to reveal, tho' Racks were set before you,
A Syllable of what is past and done.

Hark

Hark how the offer'd Brutes begin to roar !
 O that the Hearts of all the Traitor Senate,
 And Heads of all that foul *Hydra* Multitude,
 Were frying with their Fat upon this Pile,
 That we might make an Off'ring worth an Empire,
 And sacrifice Rebellion to the King.

The SCENE draws, showing the Sacrifice; one burning, and another crucify'd ; the Priests coming forward with Goblets in their Hands, fill'd with Human Blood.

1 *Pri.* Kneel all you Heroes of this black Design,
 Each take his Goblet fill'd with Blood and Wine ;
 Swear by the Thunderer, swear by *Jove*,
 Swear by the hundred Gods above,
 Swear by *Dis*, by *Proserpine*,
 Swear by the *Berecynthian* Queen.

2 *Pri.* To keep it close 'till *Tarquin* comes,
 With Trumpet Sound and Beat of Drums ;
 But then to thunder forth the Deed,
 That *Rome* may blush, and Traitors bleed :
 Swear all.

All. We swear.

1 *Pri.* Now drink the Blood,
 To make the Conjunction good.

Tib. Methinks I feel the Slaves exalted Blood
 Warm at my Heart : O that it were the Spirits
 Of *Rome's* best Life, drawn from her grizled Fathers !
 That were a Draught indeed to quench Ambition,
 And give new Fierceness to the King's Revenge.

Vin. Oh the Gods ! What, burn a Man alive ! O Cannibals, Hell-hounds ! Eat one Man, and drink another ! Well, I'll to *Valerius* ; *Brutus* will not believe me, because his Sons and Nephews are in the Business. What, drink a Man's Blood ! Roast him and eat him alive ! A whole Man roasted ! Would not an Ox serve the Turn ? Priests to do this ! Oh ye immortal Gods ! For my part if this be your Worship I renounce you. No, if a Man can't go to Heav'n, unless your Priests eat him, and drink

drink him, and roast him alive, I'll be for the broad Way,
and the Devil shall have me at a Venture. [Exit.

Enter Titus.

Tit. What ho, *Tiberius* ! Give me back my Hand :
What have you done ? Horrors and Midnight Murders !
The Gods, the Gods awake you to Repentance,
As they have me. Wouldst thou believe me, Brother ?
Since I deliver'd thee that fatal Scroll,
That Writing to the King, my Heart rebell'd
Against it self ; my Thoughts were up in Arms,
All in a Roar, like Seamen in a Storm,
My Reason and my Faculties were wrack'd,
The Mast, the Rudder, and the Tackling gone ;
My Body, like the Hull of some lost Vessel,
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling Fears,
Therefore I charge thee give me back my Writing.

Tib. What means my Brother ?

Tit. O *Tiberius* ! O !

Dark as it seems, I tell thee that the Gods
Look thro' a Day of Lightning on our City ;
The Heav'n's on Fire ; and from the flaming Vault
Portentous Blood pours like a Torrent down.
There are a hundred Gods in *Rome* to night,
And every larger Spirit is abroad,
Monuments empty'd, every Urn is shaken
To fright the State, and put the World in Arms :
Just now I saw three *Romans* stand amaz'd
Before a flaming Sword, then dropt down dead,
My self untouch'd ; while thro' the blazing Air
A fleeting Head, like a full-riding Moon,
Glanc'd by, and cry'd, *Titus*, I am *Egeria* ;
Repent, repent, or certain Death attends thee ;
Treason and Tyranny shall not prevail :
Kingdom shall be no more, *Egeria* says it :
And that vast Turn Imperial Fate design'd,
I saw, O *Titus*, on th' eternal Loom ;
'Tis ripe, 'tis perfect, and is doom'd to stand.

1 *Pri.* Fumes, Fumes ; the Phantoms of an ill Digesti-
 The Gods are as good quiet Gods as may be, [on:
 They're fast asleep, and mean not to disturb us,
 Unless your Frenzy wake 'em.

Tit. Peace, Fury, Peace,
 May the Gods doom me to the Pains of Hell,
 If I enjoy'd the Beauties that I fav'd :
 The Horror of my Treason shock'd my Joys,
 Enervated my Purpose, while I lay
 Colder than Marble by her Virgin Side ;
 As if I had drunk the Blood of Elephants,
 Drousy Mandragora, or the Juice of Hemlock.

1 *Pri.* I like him not ; I think we had best dispatch him.

Tit. Nothing but Images of Horror round me ;
Rome all in Blood, the ravish'd Vestals raving,
 The sacred Fire put out ; robb'd Mothers Shrieks
 Deaf'ning the Gods with Clamours from their Babes,
 That sprawl'd aloft upon the Soldiers Spears ;
 The Beard of Age plucked off by barbarous Hands,
 While from his piteous Wounds and horrid Gashes
 The labouring Life flow'd faster than the Blood.

*Enter Valerius, Vindicius, with Guards, who seize all but
 the Priests, who slip away : Vinditius follows them.*

Val. Horror upon me ! What will this Night bring
 forth ?

Yes, you immortal Gods, strike, strike the Consul,
 Since these are here ; the Crime will look less horrid
 In me, than in his Sons. *Titus, Tiberius !*
 O from this time let me be blind and dumb :
 But haste there ; *Mutius*, fly ; call hither *Brutus*,
 Bid him for ever leave the Down of Rest,
 And sleep no more : If *Rome* were all on Fire,
 And *Tarquin* in the Streets bestriding Slaughter,
 He would less wonder than at *Titus* here.

Tit. Stop there, O stop that Messenger of Fate ;
 Here, bind, *Valerius*, bind this Villain's Hands,
 Tear off my Robes, put me upon the Forks,
 And lash me like a Slave, till I shall howl

My

My Soul away ; or hang me on a Cross,
Rack me a Year within some horrid Dungeon ;
So deep, so near the Hells that I must suffer,
That I may groan my Torments to the damn'd :
I do submit this Traitor, this curs'd Villain,
To all the Stings of most ingenious Horror,
So thou dispatch me ere my Father comes.
But hark, I hear the Tread of fatal *Brutus* ;
By all the Gods, and by the lowest Furies,
I cannot bear his Face : Away with me ;
Or like a Whirlwind I will tear my Way,
I care not whither. [*Exit with Tiberius.*
Val. Take 'em hence together.

Enter Vinditius with the Priests.

Vin. Here, here, my Lord, I have unkennell'd Two :
Those there are Rascals made of Flesh and Blood,
Those are but Men, but these are the Gods Rogues.

Val. Go, good *Vinditius*, haste, and stop the People,
Get 'em together to the Capitol ;
Where all the Senate, with the Consuls early,
Will see strict Justice done upon the Traitors.
For thee the Senate shall decree Rewards
Great as thy Service.

Vin. I humbly thank your Lordship.
Why, what, they'll make me a Senator at least,
And then a Consul ; O th' immortal Gods !

My Lord, I go — To have the Rods and Axes carry'd
before me, and a long purple Gown trailing behind my ho-
nourable Heels : Well, I am made for ever. [*Exit.*

Enter Brutus, attended.

Brut. O, my *Valerius*, are these Horrors true ?
Hast thou, O Gods ! this Night embowell'd me ?
Ransack'd thy *Brutus's* Veins, thy Fellow Consul,
And found two Villains lurking in my Blood ?

Val. The blackest Treason that e'er Darkness brooded ;
And who, to hatch these Horrors for the World,

Who

Who to seduce the Noble Youth of *Rome*,
 To draw 'em to so damn'd a Conjurat[i]on,
 To bind 'em too by new invented Oaths,
 Religious Forms, and devilish Sacrifices,
 A Sacrament of Blood, for which *Rome* suffer'd
 In Two the worthiest of her martyr'd Sons;
 Who to do this, but Messengers from Heav'n?
 These Holy Men that swore so solemnly
 Before the Senate, call'd the Gods to curse 'em,
 If they intended ought against the State,
 Or harbour'd Treason more than what they utter'd?

Brut. Now all the Fiends and Furies thank 'em for it,
 You Sons of Murder, that get drunk with Blood,
 Then stab at Princes, poison Commonwealths,
 Destroy whole Hecatombs of innocent Souls,
 Pile 'em like Bulls and Sheep upon your Altars,
 As you would smoke the Gods from out their Dwelling:
 You Shame of Earth, and Scandal of the Heav'ns;
 You deeper Fiends than any of the Furies,
 That scorn to whisper Envy, Hate, Sedition;
 But with a Blast of Privilege proclaim it;
 Priests that are Instruments design'd to damn us,
 Fit Speaking-Trumpets for the Mouth of Hell:
 Hence with 'em, Guards; secure 'em in the Prison
 Of *Ancus Martius*. Read the Packets o'er,
 I'll bear it as I'm able, read 'em out.

Val. The Sum of the Conspiracy to the King.
 ' It shall begin with both the Consuls Deaths;
 ' And then the Senate; every Man must bleed,
 ' But those that have engag'd to serve the King.
 ' Be ready therefore, Sir, to send your Troops
 ' By Twelve to morrow Night, and come your self
 ' In Person, if you'll reascend the Throne:
 ' All that have sworn to serve your Majesty,
 ' Subscribe themselves by Name your faithful Subjects,
 ' *Tiberius, Aquilius, Vitellius,*
 ' *Trebonius, Servilius, Minutius,*
 ' *Pomponius*, and your *Fecialian* Priests.

Brut. Ha! my *Valerius*, is not *Titus* there?

Val.

Val. He's here, my Lord ; a Paper by it self.

‘ *Titus* to the King.

‘ Sir, you need only know my Brother's Mind,

‘ To judge of me, who am resolv'd to serve you.

What do you think, my Lord ?

Brut. Think, my *Valerius* !

By my Heart, I know not :

I'm at a Loss of Thought ; and must acknowledge

The Counsels of the Gods are fathomless :

Nay, 'tis the hardest Task perhaps of Life

To be assur'd of what is Vice or Virtue :

Whether when we raise up Temples to the Gods,

We do not then blaspheme 'em : O, behold me,

Behold the Game that laughing Fortune plays ;

Fate, or the Will of Heav'n, call't what you please,

That marrs the best Designs that Prudence lays,

That brings Events about perhaps to mock

At human Reach, and sport with Expectation.

Consider this, and wonder not at *Brutus*,

If his Philosophy seems at a stand ;

If thou beholdst him shed unmanly Tears

To see his Blood, his Children, his own Bowels

Conspire the Death of him that gave 'em Being. [ing?

Val. What Heart, but yours, could bear it without break-

Brut. No, my *Valerius*, I were a Beast indeed

Not to be mov'd with such prodigious Suffering ;

Yet after all I justify the Gods,

And will conclude there's Reason supernatural,

That guides us through the World with vast Discretion,

Altho' we have not Souls to comprehend it :

Which makes by wondrous Methods the same Causes

Produce Effects, tho' of a different Nature.

Since then, for Man's Instruction, and the Glory

Of the immortal Gods, it is decreed

There must be Patterns drawn of fiercest Virtue,

Brutus submits to the eternal Doom.

Val. May I believe there can be such Perfection,

Such a Resolve in Man ?

Brut. First, as I am their Father,

I pardon both of them this black Design :

But

66 Lucius Junius Brutus,

But as I am *Rome's* Consul, I abhor 'em,
And cast 'em from my Soul with Detestation:
The nearer to my Blood, the deeper grain'd
The Colour of their Fault, and they shall bleed.
Yes, my *Valerius*, both my Sons shall die.

Enter Teraminta.

Nay, I will stand unbowell'd by the Altar,
See something dearer to me than my Entrails
Display'd before the Gods and *Roman* People:
The Sacrifice of Justice and Revenge.

Ter. What Sacrifice, what Victims, Sir, are these
Which you intend? O, you eternal Powers,
How shall I vent my Sorrows! Oh, my Lord,
Yet ere you seal the Death you have design'd,
The Death of all that's lovely in the World,
Hear what the Witness of his Soul can say,
The only Evidence that can, or dare
Appear for your unhappy guiltless Son;
The Gods command you, Virtue, Truth, and Justice,
Which you with so much Rigour have ador'd,
Beg you would hear the wretched *Teraminta*.

Brut. Ceasethy Laments: Tho' of the Blood of *Tarquin*,
Yet more, the Wife of my forgotten Son;
Thou shalt be heard.

Ter. Have you forgot him then?
Have you forgot your self? The Image of you,
The very Picture of your Excellence,
The Portraiture of all your manly Virtues,
Your Visage stamp'd upon him; just those Eyes,
The moving Greatness of 'em, all the Mercy,
The shedding Goodness; not so quite severe,
Yet still most like: And can you then forget him?

Brut. Will you proceed?

Ter. My Lord, I will. Know then,
After your Son, your Son that loves you more
Than I love him; after our common *Titus*,
The Wealth o' th' World, unless you rob 'em of it,
Had long endur'd th' Assaults of the Rebellious,

And

And still kept fix'd to what you had enjoin'd him ;
 I, as Fate order'd it, was sent from *Tullia*,
 With my Death menac'd, ev'n before his Eyes,
 Doom'd to be stabb'd before him by the Priests,
 Unless he yielded not t' oppose the King :
 Consider, Sir ; oh make it your own Case ;
 Just wedded, just on the expected Joys,
 Warm for my Bed, and rushing to my Arms,
 So loving too, alas, as we did love ;
 Granted in Haste, in Heat, in Flame of Passion
 He knew not what himself, and so subscrib'd.
 But now, Sir, now, my Lord, behold a Wonder,
 Behold a Miracle to move your Soul :
 Tho' in my Arms, just in the Grasps of Pleasure,
 His noble Heart, struck with the Thoughts of *Brutus*,
 Of what he promis'd you, till then forgot,
 Leapt in his Breast, and dash'd him from Enjoyment ;
 He shriek'd, y' immortal Gods, what have I done ?
 No, *Teraminta*, let us rather perish,
 Divide for ever with whole Seas betwixt us,
 Rather than sin against so good a Father.
 Tho' he before had barr'd your Life and Fortune,
 Yet would not trust the Traitors with the Safety
 Of him he call'd the Image of the Gods.

Val. O Saint-like Virtue of a *Roman* Wife !
 O Eloquence Divine ! Now all the Arts
 Of Women's Tongues, the Rhetorick of the Gods
 Inspire thy soft and tender Soul to move him.

Ter. On this he rous'd : Swore by the Powers Divine
 He would fetch back the Paper that he gave,
 Or leave his Life amongst 'em : kept his Word,
 And came to challenge it, but, oh ! too late ;
 For, in the midst of all his Piety,
 His strong Persuasions to a swift Repentance,
 His Vows to lay their horrid Treasons open,
 His Execration of the barbarous Priests,
 How he abhorr'd that bloody Sacrament
 As much as you, and curs'd the Conjurat'ion ;
Vindicius came, that had before alarm'd
 The wife *Valerius*, who with all the Guards

Found

Found *Titus* here, believ'd him like the rest,
And seiz'd him too, as guilty of the Treason.

Val. But, by the Gods, my Soul does now acquit him.
Blest be thy Tongue, blest the auspicious Gods
That sent thee, O true Pattern of Perfection !
To plead his bleeding Cause. There needs no more ;
I see his Father's mov'd : Behold a Joy,
A watry Comfort rising in his Eyes,
That says, 'Tis more than half a Heav'n to hear thee.

Brut. Haste, O *Valerius*, haste, and send for *Titus*.

Ter. For *Titus* ! Oh, that is a Word too distant ;
Say, for your Son, for your beloved Son,
The Darling of the World, the Joy of Heav'n,
The Hope of Earth, your Eyes not dearer to you,
Your Soul's best Wish, and Comfort of your Age.

Enter Titus with Valerius.

Tit. Ah, Sir ! Oh whither shall I run to hide me ?
Where shall I lower fall ? How shall I lie
More groveling in your View, and howl for Mercy ?
Yet 'tis some Comfort to my wild Despair,
Some Joy in Death, that I may kiss your Feet,
And swear upon 'em by these streaming Tears,
Black as I am with all my Guilt upon me,
I never harbour'd ought against your Person :
Ev'n in the height of my full-fraught Distraction,
Your Life, my Lord, was sacred ; ever dear,
And ever precious to unhappy *Titus*.

Brut. Rise, *Titus* : Rise, my Son.

Tit. Alas, I dare not ;
I have not Strength to see the Majesty
Which I have brav'd : If thus far I aspire,
If on your Knees I hang and vent my Groans,
It is too much, too much for thousand Lives.

Brut. I pity thee, my Son, and I forgive thee :
And, that thou mayst believe my Mercy true,
I take thee in my Arms.

Tit. O all the Gods !

Brut. Now rise ; I charge thee, on my Blessing, rise.

Ter.

Ter. Ah! see, Sir, see, against his Will behold
He does obey, tho' he would choose to kneel
An Age before you; see how he stands and trembles!
Now, by my Hopes of Mercy he's so lost,
His Heart's so full, brim-full of Tenderness,
The Sense of what you've done has struck him speechless;
Nor can he thank you now but with his Tears.

Brut. My dear *Valerius*, let me now intreat thee,
Withdraw a while with gentle *Teraminta*,
And leave us to our selves.

Ter. Ah, Sir, I fear you now;
Nor can I leave you with the humble *Titus*,
Unless you promise me you will not chide,
Nor fall again to Anger: Do not, Sir,
Do not upbraid his soft and melting Temper
With what is past. Behold he sighs again!
Now by the Gods that hitherto have blest us,
My Heart forebodes a Storm, I know not why:
But say, my Lord, give me your God-like Word,
You'll not be cruel, and I'll not trust my Heart,
Howe'er it leaps, and fills me with new Horror.

Brut. I promise thee.

Ter. Why, then I thank you, Sir;
Ev'n from my Soul I thank you for this Goodness:
The great, good, gracious Gods reward and bless you.
Ah, *Titus*, ah, my Soul's eternal Treasure,
I fear I leave thee with a hard Usurer;
But I perforce must trust thee. Oh farewell. [*Ex. with Val.*]

Brut. Well, *Titus*, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend a while this mighty Motion,
Wait till the Tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the Calm of Nature,
With all thy gentler Virtues brooding on thee,
So hush'd a Stillness, as if all the Gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying;
Speak then, and tell me, O my best lov'd,
My Son, my *Titus*, is all well again?

Tit. So well, that saying how must make it nothing;
So well, that I could wish to die this Moment,
For so my Heart with powerful Throbs persuades me:

That

That were indeed to make you Reparation,
 That were, my Lord, to thank you home, to die,
 And that for *Titus* too, would be most happy. [happy?

Brut. How's that, my Son? Would Death for thee be

Tit. Most certain, Sir; for in my Grave I 'scape
 All those Affronts which I in Life must look for,
 All those Reproaches which the Eyes, and Fingers,
 And Tongues of *Rome* will daily cast upon me;
 From whom, to a Soul so sensible as mine,
 Each single Scorn would be far worse than dying:
 Besides, I 'scape the Stings of my own Conscience,
 Which will for ever rack me with Remembrance,
 Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night,
 Casting my blotted Honour in the Way
 Where'er my melancholy Thoughts shall guide me.

Brut. But is not Death a very dreadful Thing?

Tit. Not to a Mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me
 It seems as natural as to be born:
 Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,
 Friends weeping round us, Blacks and Obsequies,
 Make it a dreadful Thing; the Pomp of Death
 Is far more terrible than Death it self.
 Yes, Sir, I call the Powers of Heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
 Nay, he shall die with Joy, to honour *Brutus*,
 To make your Justice famous through the World,
 And fix the Liberty of *Rome* for ever:
 Not but I must confess my Weakness too;
 Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
 To have the Frailty of a mortal Man,
 But the Security of th' immortal Gods.

Brut. O *Titus*! Oh thou absolute young Man!
 Thou flatt'ring Mirror of thy Father's Image,
 Where I behold my self at such Advantage!
 Thou perfect Glory of the *Junian* Race!
 Let me endear thee once more to my Bosom,
 Groan an eternal Farewel to thy Soul;
 Instead of Tears weep Blood, if possible,
 Blood, the Heart-Blood of *Brutus*, on his Child;
 For thou must die, my *Titus*, die, my Son,

I swear the Gods have doom'd thee to the Grave:
The violated Genius of thy Country
Rears his sad Head, and passes Sentence on thee:
This Morning Sun, that lights my Sorrows on
To the Tribunal of this horrid Vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas, my Lord!

Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your Sorrow?
Why should the God-like *Brutus* shake to doom me?
Why all these Trappings for a Traitor's Herse?
The Gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my *Titus*:

Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, can have it otherwise.
Nay, *Titus*, mark; the deeper that I search,
My harass'd Soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very Hand of *Jove*
Moving the dreadful Wheels of this Affair,
That whirl thee, like a Machine, to thy Fate.
It seems as if the Gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling Spirits of the People,
And settle the loose Liberty of *Rome*.

'Tis fix'd, O therefore let not Fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy Death, that 'tis not in the Power
Of Gods or Men to save thee from the Ax.

Tit. The Ax! O Heav'n! then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common Hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, *Titus*, since the Gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' Advantage
Of thy important Fate, cement *Rome's* Flaws,
And heal her wounded Freedom with thy Blood:
I will ascend my self the sad Tribunal,
And sit upon my Sons; on thee, my *Titus*;
Behold thee suffer all the Shame of Death,
The Liſtor's Lashes, bleed before the People;
Then with thy Hopes, and all thy Youth upon thee,
See thy Head taken by the common Ax,
Without a Groan, without one pitying Tear,
If that the Gods can hold me to my Purpose,
To make my Justice quite transcend Example.

Tit.

Tit. Scourg'd like a Bondman ! ha ! a beaten Slave !
 But I deserve it all ; yet here I fail :
 'The Image of this Suff'ring quite unmans me ;
 Nor can I longer stop the gushing Tears.
 O Sir ! O *Brutus* ! must I call you Father,
 Yet have no Token of your Tendernefs ?
 No Sign of Mercy ? What, not bate me that !
 Can you resolve, O all th' Extremity
 Of cruel Rigor ! to behold me too ?
 To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to Death ?
 Where are your Bowels now ? Is this a Father ?
 Ah, Sir, why should you make my Heart suspect
 That all your late Compassion was dissembled ?
 How can I think that you did ever love me ?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present Passion,
 By these unmanly Tears, these Earthquakes here,
 These Sighs that twitch the very Strings of Life :
 Think that no other Cause on Earth could move me
 To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a Tear,
 Nor shake my solid Virtue from her Point,
 But *Titus*' Death : O do not call it shameful,
 That thus shall fix the Glory of the World.
 I own thy Suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
 To make me throw my Body on the Ground,
 To bellow like a Beast, to gnaw the Earth,
 To tear my Hair, to curse the cruel Fates
 That force a Father thus to drag his Bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated Majesty,
 Rise from the Earth, or I shall beg those Fates
 Which you would curse to bolt me to the Center.
 I now submit to all your threatned Vengeance :
 Come forth you Executioners of Justice,
 Nay, all you Liſtors, Slaves, and common Hangmen,
 Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his Sight,
 And lash me tiil I bleed, whip me like Furies ;
 And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
 For want of Spirits groveling in the Dust,
 Then take my Head, and give it his Revenge :
 By all the Gods I greedily resign it.

Brut.

Brut. No more, farewell, eternally farewell:
If there be Gods they will reserve a Room,
A Throne for thee in Heav'n. One last Embrace.
What is it makes thy Eyes thus swim again?

Tit. I had forgot: Be good to *Teraminta*
When I am Ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my Care.
See her thou must not, for thou canst not bear it.
O for one more, this Pull, this Tug of Heart-Strings:
Farewel for ever.

Tit. O *Brutus*! O my Father!

Brut. Canst thou not say Farewel?

Tit. Farewel for ever.

Brut. For ever then; but Oh my Tears run o'er;
Groans choak my Words, and I can speak no more.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Valerius, Horatius, Herminius, Mutius.

H O R A T I U S.



IS Sons condemn'd?

Val. Doom'd to the Rods and Axes.

Hor. What, both of 'em?

Val. Both, Sir, both, both his Sons.

Hor. What, *Titus* too?

Val. Yes, Sir, his Darling *Titus*:

Nay, tho' he knows him innocent as I am,
'Tis all one, Sir, his Sentence stands like Fate.

Hor. Yet I'll intreat him.

Mut. So will I.

Herm. And I.

[*him*

Val. Intreat him! yes, you may, my Lords, and move
As I have done: Why, he's no more a Man;
He is not cast in the same common Mould,
His Spirit moves not with our Springs and Wards;

M

He

He looks and talks as if that *Jove* had sent him
 To be the Judge of all the Under-World;
 Tells me, this Palace of the Universe,
 With that vast Moat, the Ocean running round us,
 Th' eternal Stars so fiercely rolling o'er us,
 With all that Circulation of Heav'n's Orbs,
 Were so establish'd from before all Ages
 To be the Dowry of majestick *Rome*;
 Then looks as if he had a Patent for it,
 To take account of all this great Expence,
 And see the Layings out of the round World.

Herm. What shall be done then? For it grieves my Soul
 To think of *Titus'* Loss.

Val. There is no Help;

But thus to shake your Head, and cross your Arms,
 And wonder what the Gods and he intend.

Herm. There's scarce one Man of this Conspiracy
 But is some way related, if not nearly,
 To *Junius Brutus*: Some of the *Aquilians*
 Are Nephews to him; and *Vitellius'* Sister,
 The grave *Sempronia*, is the Consul's Wife.

Val. Therefore I have engag'd that groaning Matron
 To plead the Cause of her unhappy Sons.

Enter Titus with Lictors.

But see, O Gods, behold the galant *Titus*,
 The Mirror of all Sons, the White of Virtue,
 Fill'd up with Blots, and writ all o'er with Blood,
 Bowing with Shame his Body to the Ground,
 Whipt out of Breath by these inhuman Slaves!
 O *Titus!* is this possible? this Shame?

Tit. O my *Valerius*, call it not my Shame;
 By all the Gods it is to *Titus'* Honour;
 My constant Suff'rings are my only Glory:
 What have I left besides? But ask, *Valerius*,
 Ask these good Men that have perform'd their Duty,
 If all the while they whipt me like a Slave,
 If when the Blood from every Part ran down,
 I gave one Groan, or shed a Woman's Tear:

I think, I swear, I think, O my *Valerius*,
That I have born it well, and like a *Roman*.
But Oh, far better shall I bear my Death,
Which, as it brings less Pain, has less Dishonour.

Enter Teraminta wounded.

Ter. Where is he? Where, where is this God-like Son
Of an inhuman, barbarous, bloody Father?
O bear me to him.

Tit. Ha! My *Teraminta*!
Is't possible! The very top of Beauty,
This perfect Face drawn by the Gods at Council,
Which they were long a making, as they had Reason,
For they shall never hit the like again,
Defil'd and mangled thus! What barbarous Wretch
Has thus blasphem'd this bright Original?

Ter. For me it matters not, nor my Abuses:
But, Oh, for thee, why have they us'd thee thus?
Whipt, *Titus*, whipt! And could the Gods look on?
The Glory of the World thus basely us'd?
Lash'd, whipt, and beaten by these upright Dogs?
Whose Souls, with all the Virtue of the Senate,
Will be but Foils to any Fault of thine,
Who hast a Beauty e'en in thy offending.
And did thy Father doom thee thus? Oh, *Titus*,
Forgive thy dying Part, if she believes
A Wretch so barbarous never could produce thee:
Some God, some God, my *Titus*, watch'd his Absence,
Slipt to thy Mother's Bed, and gave thee to the World.

Tit. Oh, this last Wound, this Stab to all my Courage!
Had'st thou been well I could have born more Lashes.
And is it thus my Father does protect thee?

Ter. Ah, *Titus*! What, thy Murd'rer my Protector!
No, let me fall again among the People,
Let me be whooted like a common Strumpet,
Toss'd as I was, and dragg'd about the Streets,
The Bastard of a *Tarquin* foil'd in Dirt,
The Cry of all those Bloodhounds that did hunt me
Thus to the Goal of Death, this happy End

Of all my Miseries, here to pant my last,
 To wash thy Gashes with my farewell Tears,
 To murmur, sob, and lean my aching Head
 Upon thy Breast, thus, like a Cradle Babe,
 To suck thy Wounds, and bubble out my Soul.

Enter Sempronia, Aquilia, Vitellia, Mourners, &c.

Semp. Come, Ladies, haste, and let us to the Senate;
 If the Gods give us leave, we'll be to Day
 Part of the Council. Oh, my Son, my *Titus*!
 See here the bloody Justice of a Father,
 See how the Vengeance rains from his own Bowels!
 Is he not mad? If he refuse to hear us,
 We'll bind his Hands as one bereft of Reason.
 Haste then: Oh, *Titus*, I would stay to moan thee,
 But that I fear his Orders are gone out
 For something worse, for Death, to take the Heads
 Of all the Kindred of these wretched Women.

Ter. Come then, I think I have some Spirits left
 To join thee, O most pious, best of Mothers,
 To melt this rocky Heart: Give me your Hand;
 Thus let us march before this wretched Host,
 And offer to that God of Blood our Vows:
 If there be ought that's human left about him,
 Perhaps my Wounds and horrible Abuses,
 Help'd with the Tears and Groans of this sad Troop,
 May batter down the best of his Resolves.

Tit. Hark, *Teraminta*.

Ter. No, my Lord, away.

[*Exeunt.*

Tit. Oh, my *Valerius*! Was there ever Day
 Through all the Legends of recorded Time
 So sad as this? But see, my Father comes!

Enter Brutus, Tiberius, Lictors.

Tiberius too has undergone the Lash.
 Give him the Patience, Gods, of martyr'd *Titus*,
 And he will bless those Hands that have chastis'd him.

Tib.

Tib. Enjoy the bloody Conquest of thy Pride,
Thou more tyrannical than any *Tarquin*,
Thou fiercer Sire of these unhappy Sons,
Than impious *Saturn*, or the gorg'd *Thieftes*:
This Cormorant fees, and owns us for his Children,
Yet preys upon his Entrails, tears his Bowels
With Thirst of Blood, and Hunger fetch'd from Hell,
Which famish'd *Tantalus* would start to think on.
But end, Barbarian, end the horrid Vengeance
Which thou so impiously hast begun;
Perfect thy Justice, as thou, Tyrant, call'st it;
Sit like a Fury on thy black Tribunal,
Grasp with thy monstrous Hands these gory Heads,
And let thy flatt'ring Orators adore thee,
For Triumphs which shall make thee smile at Horror.

Brut. Lead to the Senate.

Tib. Go then to the Senate, [dren
There make thy Boast how thou hast doom'd thy Chil-
To Forks and Whips, for which the Gods reward thee.
Away; my Spirit scorns more Conference with thee.
The Ax will be as Laughter; but the Whips
That drew these Stains, for this I beg the Gods
With my last Breath, for every Drop that falls
From these vile Wounds, to thunder Curses on thee. [Ex.

Brut. Valerius, haste; the Senate does attend us. [Ex.

Tit. Valerius, ere you go, let me conjure thee,
By all the Earth holds great or honourable,
As thou art truly *Roman*, stamp a Man,
Grant to thy dying *Titus* one Request.

Val. I'll grant thee any thing, but do not talk
Of dying yet; for much I dare confide
In that sad Company that's gone before:
I know they'll move him to preserve his *Titus*:
For tho' you mark'd him not as hence he parted,
I could perceive with Joy a silent Shower
Run down his Silver Beard, therefore have hope.

Tit. Hope, say'st thou! O the Gods! What hope of
Life?

To live, to live! And after this Dishonour!
No, my *Valerius*, do not make me rave;

But if thou hast a Soul that's sensible,
 Let me conjure thee, when we reach the Senate,
 To thrust me through the Heart.

Val. Not for the World.

Tit. Do't, or I swear thou hast no Friendship for me.
 First, thou wilt save me from the hated Ax,
 The Hangman's Hand; for by the Gods I tell thee
 Thou may'st as well stop the Eternal Sun,
 And drive him back, as turn my Father's Purpose:
 Next, and what most my Soul intreats thee for,
 I shall perhaps in Death procure his Pity;
 For to die thus, beneath his killing Frown,
 Is damning me before my Execution.

Val. 'Tis granted, by the Gods I swear to end thee;
 For when I weigh with my more serious Thought
 Thy Father's Conduct in this dreadful Justice,
 I find it is impossible to save thee.
 Come then, I'll lead thee, O thou glorious Victim,
 Thus to the Altar of untimely Death,
 Thus in thy Trim, with all thy Bloom of Youth,
 These Virtues on thee, whose eternal Spring
 Shall blossom on thy monumental Marble
 With never-fading Glory.

Tit. Let me clasp thee,
 Boil out my Thanks thus with my farewell Spirits:
 And now away, the Taper's almost out,
 To lose the Light of this dear World for ever;
 Never *Valerius*, to be kindled more:
 Or if it be, my Friend, it shall continue,
 Burn thro' all Winds against the Puff of Fortune,
 To dazzle still, and shine like the fix'd Stars,
 With Beams of Glory that shall last for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

Scena Ultima. The Senate.

Brut. Health to the Senate! To the Fathers hail!
Jupiter, Horscius and Diespiter,
Hospital and Teretrian, Jove the Staver,
 With all the hundred Gods and Goddesses,

Guard

Father of his Country.

Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.
It has been found a famous Truth in Story,
Left by the antient Sages to their Sons,
That on the Change of Empires, or of Kingdoms,
Some sudden Execution, fierce and great,
Such as may draw the World to Admiration,
Is necessary to be put in Act
Against the Enemies of the present State.
Had *Hector*, when the *Greeks* and *Trojans* met
Upon the Truce, and ming'd with each other,
Brought to the Banquet of those Demi-Gods
The fatal Head of that illustrious Whore,
Troy might have stood till now; but that was wanting;
Jove having from Eternity set down
Rome to be Head of all the Under-World.
Rais'd with this Thought, and big with Prophecy
Of what vast Good may grow by such Examples,
Brutus stands forth to do a dreadful Justice:
I come, O Conscript Fathers, to a Deed
Wholly portentous, new, and wonderful,
Such as, perhaps, has never yet been found
In all Memorials of former Ages,
Nor ever will again. My Sons are Traitors,
Their Tongues and Hands are Witnesses confess'd,
Therefore I have already pass'd their Sentence,
And wait with you to see their Execution.

Hor. Consul, the Senate does not ask their Deaths,
They are content with what's already done,
And all intreat you to remit the Ax.

Brut. I thank you, Fathers, but refuse the Offer.
By the assaulted Majesty of *Rome*,
I swear there is no way to quit the Grace,
To right the Commonwealth, and thank the Gods,
But by the sacrificing of my Bowels:
Take then, you sad Revengers of the Publick,
These Traitors hence, strike off their Heads, and then
My Sons. No more: their Doom is past. Away.
Thus shall we stop the Mouth of loud Sedition,
Thus shew the difference betwixt the Sway
Of partial Tyrants, and a Free-born People,

Where

Lucius Junius Brutus,

Where no Man shall offend because he's great,
 Where none need doubt his Wife's or Daughter's Honour,
 Where all enjoy their own without Suspicion,
 Where there's no Innovation of Religion,
 No Change of Laws, nor Breach of Privilege,
 No desperate Factions gaping for Rebellion,
 No Hopes of Pardon for Assassins,
 No rash Advancements of the Base or Stranger,
 For Luxury, for Wit, or glorious Vice;
 But on the contrary, a balanc'd Trade,
 Patriots encourag'd, Manufactures cherish'd,
 Vagabonds, Walkers, Drones, and swarming Braves,
 The Froth of States, scumm'd from the Commonwealth;
 Idleness banish'd, all Excess repress'd,
 And Riots check'd by sumptuary Laws,
 O Conscript Fathers! 'Tis on these Foundations
 That *Rome* shall build her Empire to the Stars,
 Send her Commanders with her Armies forth,
 To tame the World, and give the Nations Law;
 Consuls, Proconsuls, who to the Capitol
 Shall ride upon the Necks of conquer'd Kings,
 And when they die, mount from the gorgeous Pile
 In Flames of Spice, and mingle with the Gods.
Hor. Excellent *Brutus*! All the Senate thanks thee,
 And says that thou thy self art half a God.

*Enter Sempronia, Teraminta, with the rest of the
 Mourners; Titus, Valerius, Junius.*

Sem. Gone, gone, to Death! Already sentenc'd!
 Doom'd!

What, my *Tiberius* too! Ah, barbarous *Brutus*!
 Send, haste, revoke the Order of their Fate.
 By all the Pledges of our Marriage Bed,
 If thou, inhuman Judge, hast left me one
 To put thee yet in mind thou art a Father;
 Speak to him, O you Mothers of sad *Rome*,
 Sisters and Daughters, ere the Execution
 Of all your Blood; haste, haste, and run about him,
 Groan, sob, howl out the Terrors of your Souls:

Nay,

Nay, fly upon him, like robb'd Savages,
And tear him from your Young.

Brut. Away, and leave me.

Sem. Or if you think it better for your Purpose,
Because he has the Power of Life and Death,
Intreat him thus : throw all your heartless Breasts
Low at his Feet, and like a God adore him :
Nay, make a Rampier round him with your Bodies,
And block him up : I see he would be going ;
Yet that's a Sign that our Complaints have mov'd him.
Continu'd Falls of ever-streaming Tears,
Such, and so many, and the chastest too
Of all the pious Matrons throughout *Rome*,
Perhaps may melt this *Adamantine* Temper.
Not yet ! Nay, hang your Bodies then upon him,
Some on his Arms, and some upon his Knees,
And lay this Innocent about his Neck,
This little smiling Image of his Father :
See how he bends, and stretches to his Bosom !
Oh all you pitying Pow'rs, the Darling weeps ;
His pretty Eyes, ruddy and wet with Tears,
Like two burst Cherries rolling in a Storm,
Plead for our Griefs more than a thousand Tongues.

Jun. Yes, yes, my Father will be good to us,
And spare my Brothers : Oh, I know he will :
Why, do you think he ever was in earnest ?
What, to cut off their Heads ? I'll warrant you
He will not : no, he only meant to fright 'em,
As he will me, when I have done a Fault.
Why, Mother, he has whipt 'em for't already,
And do you think he has the Heart to kill 'em ?
No, no, he would not cut their little Fingers
For all the World : Or if he should, I'm sure
The Gods would pay him for't.

Brut. What hoa ! Without there !
Slaves, Villains, ha ! are not my Orders heard !

Hor. Oh, *Brutus*, see, they are too well perform'd !
See here the Bodies of the *Roman* Youth
All headless by your Doom, and there *Tiberius*.

Ter.

Ter. See, Sir, behold, is not this horrid Slaughter,
 This cutting off one Limb from your own Body,
 Is't not enough? Oh, will it not suffice
 To stop the Mouth of the most bloody Law?
 Oh, it were highest Sin to make a Doubt,
 To ask you now to save the innocent *Titus*,
 The common Wish and general Petition
 Of all the *Roman* Senate, Matrons, Wives,
 Widows, and Babes; nay, e'en the madding People
 Cry out at last that Treason is reveng'd,
 And ask no more: Oh, therefore spare him, Sir!

Brut. I must not hear you: Hark, *Valerius*.

Ter. By all these Wounds upon my Virgin Breast,
 Which I have suffer'd by your Cruelty,
 Altho' you promis'd *Titus* to defend me.

Sem. Yet hold thy bloody Hand, tyrannick *Brutus*,
 And I'll forgive thee for that headless Horror:
 Grant me my *Titus*, Oh, in Death I ask thee.
 Thou hast already broke *Sempronia's* Heart,
 Yet I will pardon that so *Titus* live.

Ah, cruel Judge, thou pitiless Avenger!
 What art thou whisp'ring? Speak the Horror out,
 For in thy glaring Eyes I read a Murder.

Brut. I charge thee by thy Oath, *Valerius*,
 As thou art here deputed by the Gods,
 And not a Subject for a Woman's Folly,
 Take him away, and drag him to the Ax.

Val. It shall be thus then, not the Hangman's Hand.

[Runs him through, the Women shriek.]

Tit. O bravely struck! thou hast hit me to the Earth
 So nobly, that I shall rebound to Heav'n,
 Where I will thank thee for this galant Wound.

[Semp. swoons.]

Brut. Take hence this Woman; haste and bear her
 Why, my *Valerius*, did'st thou rob my Justice? [home.]

Tit. I wrought him to it, Sir, that thus in Death
 I might have leave to pay my last Obedience,
 And beg your Blessing for the other World.

Ter. Oh, do not take it, *Titus*: whate'er comes
 From such a monstrous Nature must be blasting.

Ah,

Ah, thou inhuman Tyrant ! But alas,
I loiter here, when *Titus* stays for me :
Look here, my Love, thou shalt not be before me.

[Stabs herself.

Thus, to thy Arms then : Oh, make haste, my *Titus*,
I'm got already in the Grove of Death :
The Heaven is all benighted, not one Star
To light us through the dark and pathless Maze :
I have lost thy Spirit ; Oh, I grope about,
But cannot find thee. Now I sink in Shadows. [Dies.

Tit. I come, thou matchless Virtue. Oh my Heart !
Farewel my Love, we'll meet in Heav'n again.

My Lord, I hope your Justice is aton'd ;
I hope the glorious Liberty of *Rome*,
Thus water'd by the Blood of both your Sons,
Will get Imperial Growth, and flourish long.

Brut. Thou hast so nobly born thy self in dying,
That not to bless thee were to curse my self ;
Therefore I give thee thus my last Embrace,
Print this last Kiss upon thy dying Lips :
And ere thou goest, I beg thee to report me
To the great Shades of *Romulus* and *Numa*,
Just with that Majesty and rugged Virtue
Which they inspir'd, and which the World has seen.
So, for I see thou'rt gone, farewel for ever :
Eternal *Jove*, the King of Gods and Men,
Reward and crown thee in the other World.

Tit. What Happiness has Life to equal this ?
By all the Gods I would not live again ;
For what can *Jove*, or all the Gods give more,
To fall thus crown'd with Virtue's fullest Charms,
And die thus blest in such a Father's Arms. [Dies.

Val. He's gone ; the galant Spirit's fled for ever.
How fares this noble Vessel, that is robb'd
Of all its Wealth, spoil'd of its topmost Glory,
And now lies floating in this World of Ruin ?

Brut. Peace, Consul, Peace ; let us not soil the Pomp
Of this Majestick Fate with Woman's Brawls.
Kneel, Fathers, Friends, kneel all you *Roman* People,
Hush'd as dead Calms, while I conceive a Pray'r

That

That shall be worthy *Rome*, and worthy *Jove*.

Val. Inspire him, Gods, and thou, O *Rome*, attend.

Brut. Let Heav'n and Earth for ever keep their Bound,
 The Stars unshaken go their constant Round ;
 In harmless Labour be our Steel employ'd,
 And endless Peace through all the World enjoy'd :
 Let every Bark the Waves in Safety plough,
 No angry Tempest curl the Ocean's Brow ;
 No darted Flames from Heav'n make Mortals fear,
 Nor Thunder fright the weeping Passenger ;
 Let not poor Swains for Storms at Harvest mourn,
 But smile to see their Hoards of bladed Corn :
 No dreadful Comets threaten from the Skies,
 No Venom fall, nor pois'nous Vapours rise :
 Thou *Jove*, who dost the Fates of Empire doom,
 Guard and defend the Liberty of *Rome*.



F I N I S.

